

The Sketch

No. 1110.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1914.

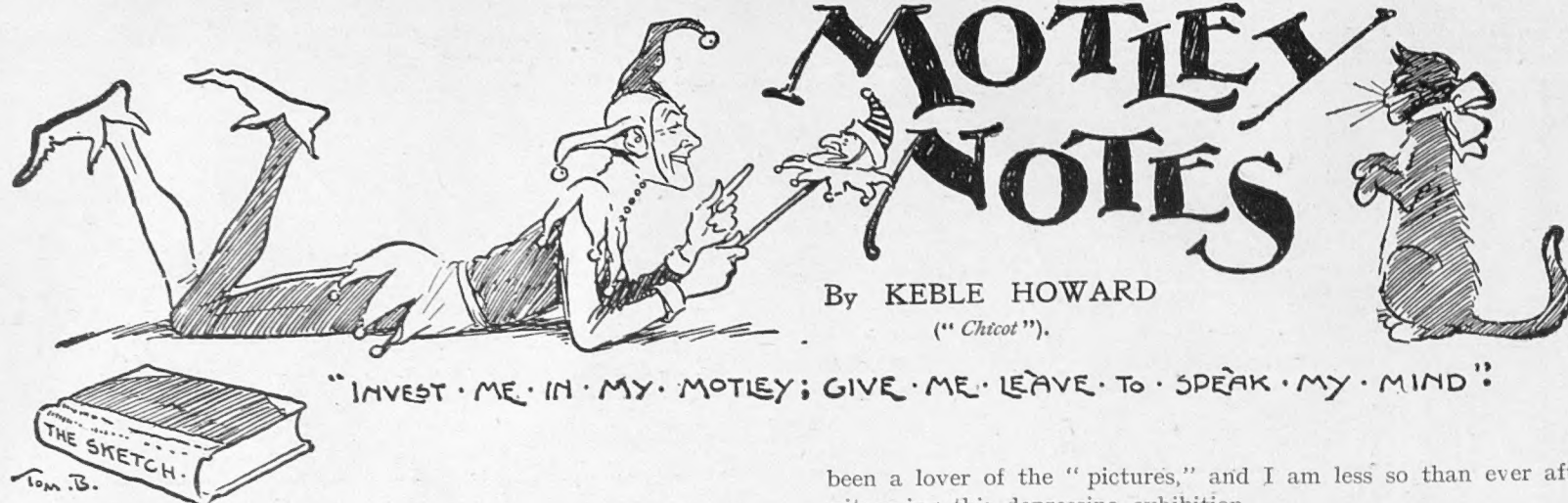
SIXPENCE.



"THE ERRING SPIRIT": A SINISTER DRESS FOR A DRAMATIC DANCER.

This photograph shows Miss Rita Aurel, an English dancer who is giving "dramatic-dancing soirées" in Berlin, and at other German art centres, with considerable success.

Photograph by Becker and Maass.



The Scapa Society.

I have received a very pleasant letter from the secretary of the Scapa Society. I confess that I was a little alarmed when I saw the mystic name of the Society on the outside of the envelope. It sounded to me like one of those dreadful leagues who leave quivering daggers firmly planted in the centre of one's blotting-pad, or whose representative, calling when one is from home, impresses a bloodstained hand on the door-post instead of handing a card to the maid in the usual way. But the Scapa Society, I was relieved to discover, is nothing more fearsome than the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. I had no idea that such a society existed, but I am sure that we must all wish it well. Apart from its rather dreadful name, it is, I am convinced, a very admirable society.

I understand that the Scapa Society was founded in the year 1893, and the objects of its existence are set forth as follows—

1. To protect the picturesque simplicity of rural and river scenery, and to promote a due regard for dignity and propriety of aspect in towns, with especial reference to the abuses of spectacular advertising.

2. To assert generally the national importance of maintaining the elements of interest and beauty in out-of-door life.

The society, I understand, receives the support, and seeks to promote the objects of the following associations: The Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, The Kyrle Society, The Public Gardens Association, The Selborne Society, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, The Smoke Abatement Society, The Cockburn Association, Edinburgh, The London Society.

The 'Bus Beautiful.

The secretary of the Scapa Society very courteously wrote to thank me for my remarks in a recent issue of *The Sketch* on the subject of the motor-'bus in the country. "Your paragraphs," he writes, "cannot fail to make an impression on the mind of the general reader, perhaps even, ultimately, on the minds of the gentlemen who are engaged in this speculation, and hope to make a considerable profit out of it."

My point, I may remind you, was to the effect that the motor-'bus that is suitable for the town is quite unsuitable for the country, partly because it was not designed for country use, and partly because it spoils the appearance of the countryside, thereby marring the very pictures which it offers to present—with such laudable enthusiasm—to its patrons.

I can assure the promoters of this new enterprise that it is quite possible to construct a motor-'bus which will not look out of place on country roads, and will be, at the same time, very much safer to handle. Anybody can be wise after the event, but I venture to predict, before the event, that if this use of the town motor-'bus on country roads is persisted in, it will not be long before we hear of some terrible accident similar to the one which most of us remember at Handcross. It is rather hard on the drivers of these top-heavy vehicles to expect them to take difficult hills and sharp turns which are tricky enough even for the drivers of touring-cars constructed for that very purpose.

An Evening at "The Pictures."

There are signs that some forms of the cinematograph are becoming less popular. I am not surprised—if the majority of films exhibited in these places of entertainment are anything like a film that I happened to see in a country town a few nights ago. I have never

been a lover of the "pictures," and I am less so than ever after witnessing this depressing exhibition.

I must explain, in the first place, that the hall was nearly empty. From my ninepenny seat in the gallery, I could see nothing but the screen, a piano, a lonely pianist, and rows of empty benches. When I entered, something was happening which I could not be expected to follow. That was reasonable enough, but it was not so reasonable that the picture into the middle of which I broke lasted at least twenty minutes from the time that I took my seat.

Then the lights went up, and I saw how truly isolated I was. There may have been some people seated underneath the balcony; if there were, I could not see them. At the very back of the balcony, right in the corner, were two young people of opposite sexes, holding hands. Save for them—and the pianist—I was apparently alone. Had the pianist not been present, I should probably have made a dash for the emergency exit.

The Fun Begins.

After I had been allowed a good look at the empty house, and the young people of opposite sexes had been allowed a good look at each other, and the pianist had been allowed a good look at his finger-nails, down went the lights again, and the second part of the entertainment began. A gentleman with white hair was seated at a desk, writing busily. The letter that he was writing in huge copper-plate was thrown on to the screen, and we discovered that he was the inventor of a possible cure for one of the most dreadful diseases known to man. He had been writing to assure himself that his small son would be saved by this discovery from starvation.

The gentleman with white hair then stretched himself on a sofa and went to sleep. Another gentleman with white hair immediately entered, sat down at the desk, and proceeded to help himself to the secret of the possible cure. The first gentleman with white hair woke up, dashed at the second gentleman with white hair, grappled with him, had a violent attack of heart disease, and was left by the second gentleman with white hair in a dying condition. But a faithful old man-servant came in, and to him, in his last moments, the inventor told the story of the theft.

We were next allowed to see the inventor's little son, having arrived at about the age of forty-five, falling in love with the daughter of the thieving doctor. The thieving doctor graciously gave his consent to the match, and all might have been well had not the blundering but faithful old man-servant suddenly turned up and denounced the second gentleman with white hair as a black-guard and a robber. Whereupon the second gentleman with white hair promptly went through horrible contortions exactly similar to those that the first gentleman with white hair had endured, and was left at the close of the sparkling entertainment in a moribund condition.

"'E 'as My Symperfy."

The person to whom my sympathy went out was not the first gentleman with white hair, nor the second gentleman with white hair, nor the dashing son of forty-five, nor the coy little daughter of the same age, nor the meddling old man-servant; my sympathy went out to the lonely pianist. There the poor fellow sat, away from all his kind, close to the sheet on which these dreadful events were occurring, and had been occurring, I suppose, all the afternoon and evening.

If any manufacturer of films or proprietor of picture-houses tells me that that is the kind of amusement for which the people of this country are hungering, I shall flatly refuse to believe him. The cinematograph, at its best, can be artistic, instructive, thrilling, or what you will: at its worst it is dreary beyond all words and cannot hope to survive.

FORMIDABLE FOURSOMES: WOMEN VERSUS MEN AT GOLF.



MR. R. ST. G. CHESTER MASTER, MISS CHUBB, MISS C. LEITCH, AND MAJOR HARVEY.



MR. A. T. WILLIAMS, MISS G. RAVENSCROFT, MISS DODD, AND MR. M. G. BRADLEY.



REFRESHERS: MISS LEITCH AND MAJOR HARVEY AT THE HUT, ON THEIR WAY TO THE TWELFTH TEE.



MR. W. M. HEALD, MR. T. A. JOHNSTON, MISS K. STUART, AND MISS BENTON.

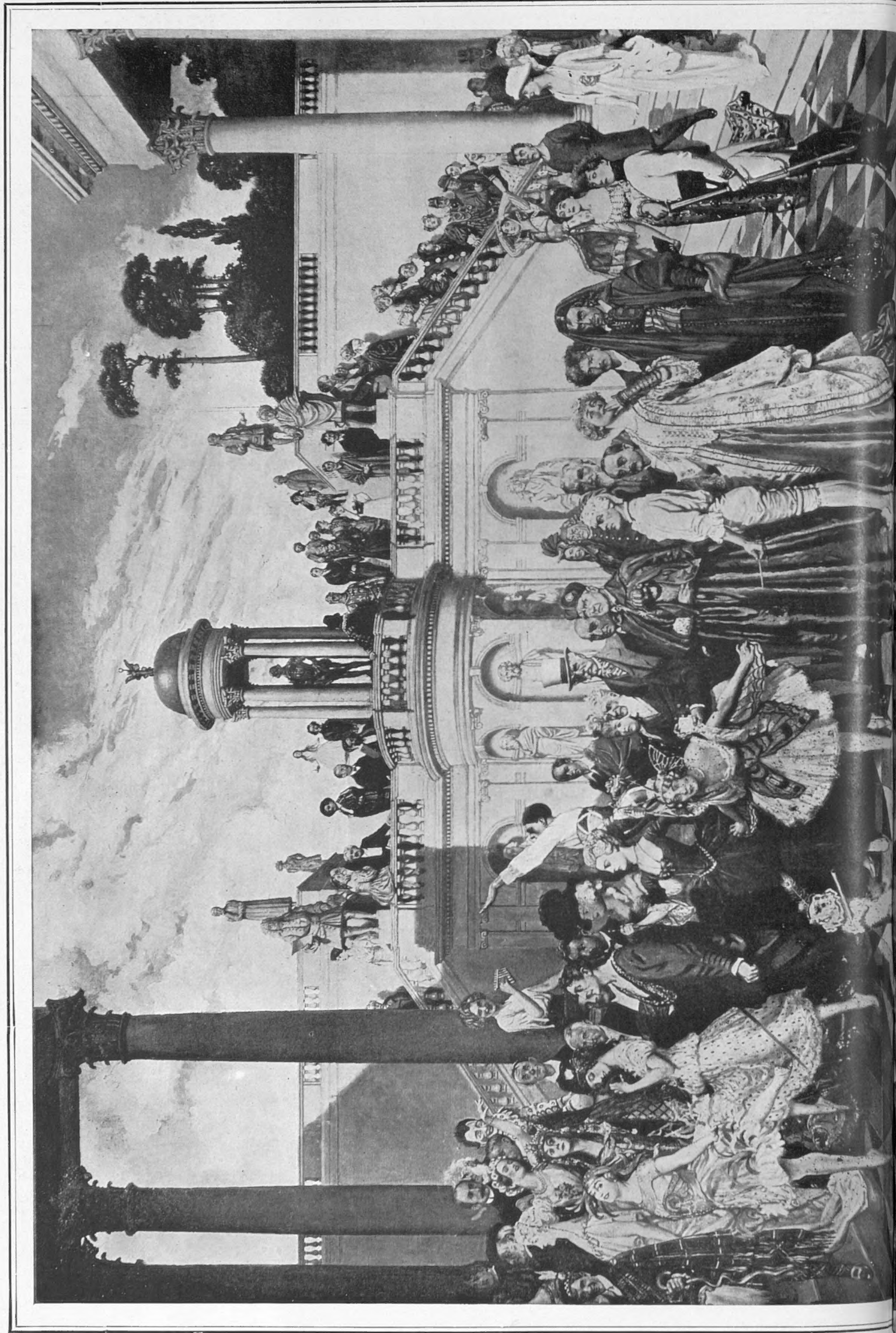


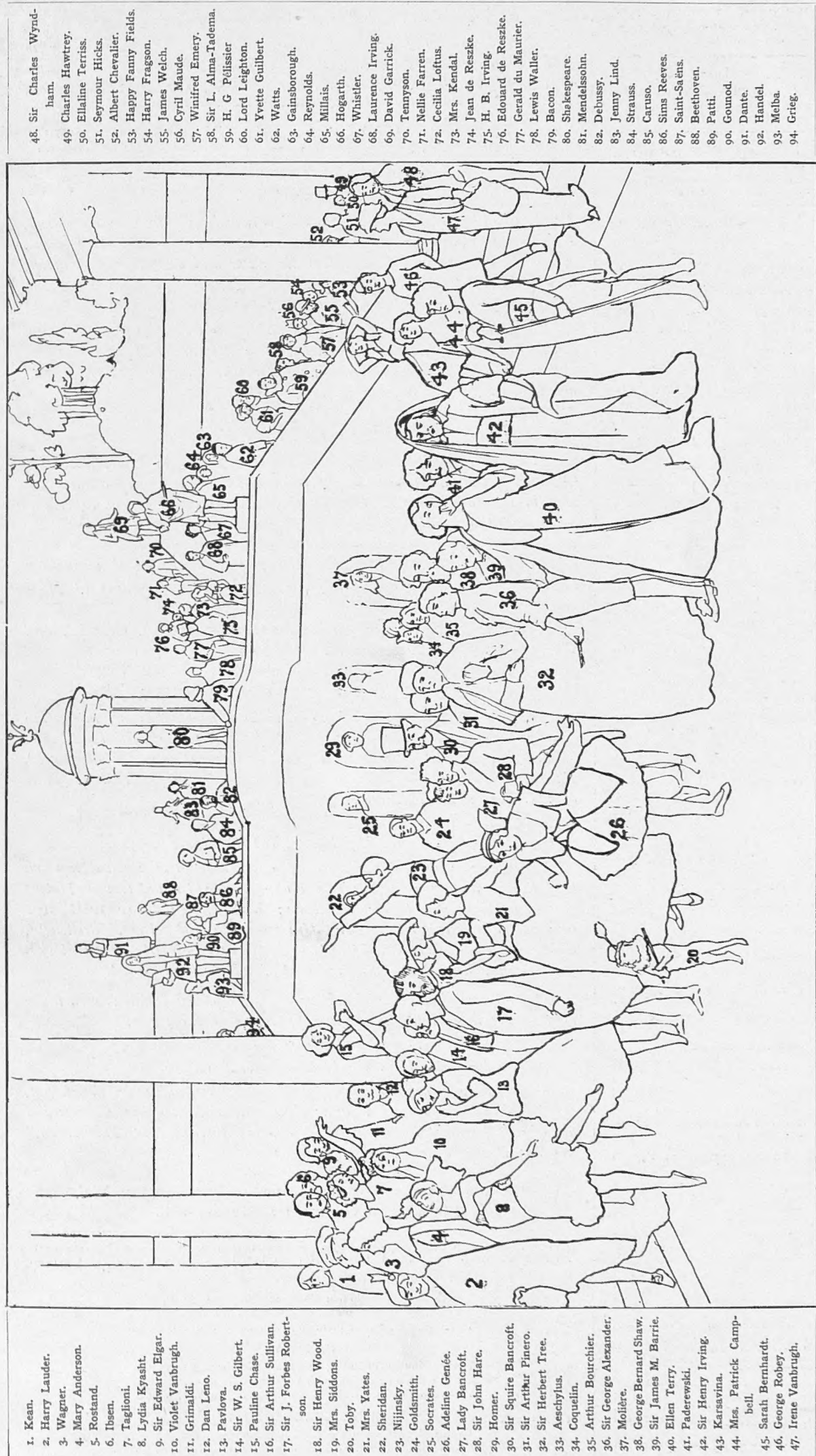
MR. H. A. PEARSON, MR. B. BURKE, MRS. CAUTLEY, AND MISS E. E. HELME.

There was some interesting golf at the West Hill (Brookwood) Club the other day when eight well-known lady golfers opposed a similar number of members of the Club. No strokes were given; but the ladies played from the Ladies' tees. In the Singles: Miss Ravenscroft beat Mr. Williams; Miss Stuart beat Mr. Johnston; Miss Benton beat Mr. Heald; Mrs. Cautley beat Mr. Pearson; Mr. Bradley beat Miss Dodd; Major

Harvey beat Miss Leitch; Mr. Chester Master beat Miss Chubb; and Mr. Burke beat Miss Helme. In the Foursomes: Miss Dodd and Miss Ravenscroft beat Mr. Bradley and Mr. Williams; Miss Leitch and Miss Chubb beat Major Harvey and Mr. Chester Master; Mrs. Cautley and Miss Helme beat Mr. Pearson and Mr. Burke; Mr. Johnston and Mr. Heald beat Miss Stuart and Miss Benton. The ladies won by 7 games to 5.

CELEBRITIES ON AN ACT-DROP: THE R.A. PORTRAIT CURTAIN.





1. Kean.
2. Harry Lauder.
3. Wagner.
4. Mary Anderson.
5. Rostand.
6. Ibsen.
7. Tagioni.
8. Lydia Kyasht.
9. Sir Edward Elgar.
10. Violet Vanbrugh.
11. Grimaldi.
12. Dan Leno.
13. Pavlova.
14. Sir W. S. Gilbert.
15. Pauline Chase.
16. Sir Arthur Sullivan.
17. Sir J. Forbes Robert-son.
18. Sir Henry Wood.
19. Mrs. Siddons.
20. Toby.
21. Mrs. Yates.
22. Sheridan.
23. Nijinsky.
24. Goldsmith.
25. Socrates.
26. Adeline Genée.
27. Lady Bancroft.
28. Sir John Hare.
29. Homer.
30. Sir Squire Bancroft.
31. Sir Arthur Pinero.
32. Sir Herbert Tree.
33. Aeschylus.
34. Coquelin.
35. Arthur Bourchier.
36. Sir George Alexander.
37. Molière.
38. George Bernard Shaw.
39. Sir James M. Barrie.
40. Ellen Terry.
41. Paderewski.
42. Sir Henry Irving.
43. Karsavina.
44. Mrs. Patrick Camp-bell.
45. Sarah Bernhardt.
46. George Robey.
47. Irene Vanbrugh.

48. Sir Charles Wynd-ham.
49. Charles Hawtrey.
50. Ellaline Terriss.
51. Seymour Hicks.
52. Albert Chevalier.
53. Happy Fanny Fields.
54. Harry Fragson.
55. James Welch.
56. Cyril Maude.
57. Winifred Emery.
58. Sir L. Alma-Tadema.
59. H. G. Pellissier.
60. Lord Leighton.
61. Yvette Guilbert.
62. Watts.
63. Gainsborough.
64. Reynolds.
65. Millais.
66. Hogarth.
67. Whistler.
68. Laurence Irving.
69. David Garrick.
70. Tennyson.
71. Nellie Farren.
72. Cecilia Loftus.
73. Mrs. Kendal.
74. Jean de Reszke.
75. H. B. Irving.
76. Edouard de Reszke.
77. Gerald du Maurier.
78. Lewis Waller.
79. Bacon.
80. Shakespeare.
81. Mendelssohn.
82. Debussy.
83. Jenny Lind.
84. Strauss.
85. Caruso.
86. Sims Reeves.
87. Saint-Saëns.
88. Beethoven.
89. Patti.
90. Gounod.
91. Dante.
92. Handel.
93. Melba.
94. Grieg.

THE PROGRESS TO THE TEMPLE OF FAME: PEOPLE PICTURED BY MR. BYAM SHAW FOR THE LONDON COLISEUM'S CURTAIN— A ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURE.

Here is Mr. Byam Shaw's design for the new act-drop of the London Coliseum, a work which is hung at this year's Royal Academy. The picture has been "translated" into the act-drop proper by Mr. Joseph Harker, the eminent scene-painter.

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The Sketch, May 6, 1914.

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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
and be fully titled.

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paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
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No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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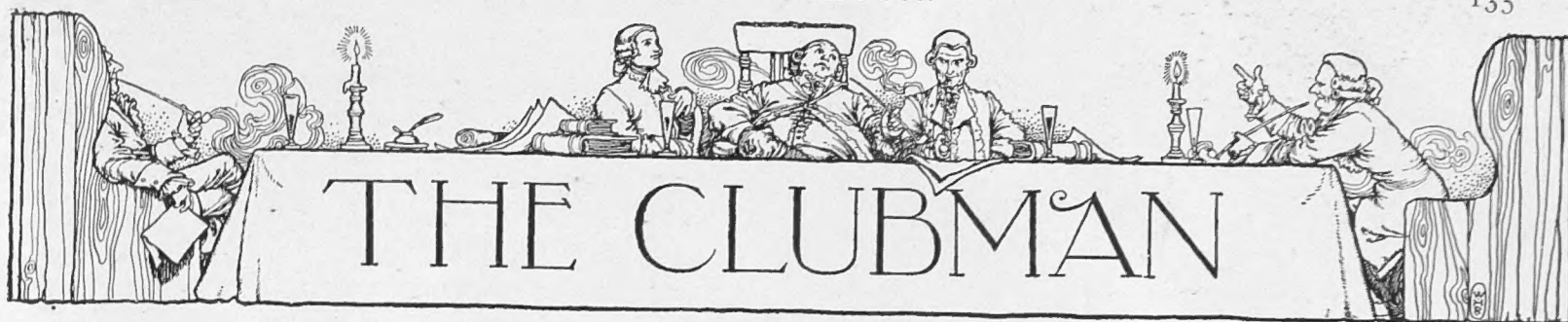
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GUN-RUNNING: IF WAR CAME IN MEXICO: ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS: COACHING: GRATZ AGAIN.

Gun-Running. The palmy days of gun-running were those of the Civil War in America, when the South was short of arms, and a couple of successful runs almost paid for the prime cost of a steamer. Men who took part in some of the gun-running feats of those days have described to me the excitement of steaming with all lights out in a dash for one of the Southern harbours, and of the delight there was in showing a clean pair of heels to one of the war-ships of the North when chased, for war-ships in those days did not attain the tremendous speed that our present cruisers possess.

If the U.S. Fight Mexico. Should the present undecided state of hostility between the United States and Mexico develop into a regular war, there would be some exciting feats in gun-running attempted by the Japanese, and quite possibly by the Germans, for General Huerta has placed large orders for ammunition and rifles and guns both in Europe and Japan, and every attempt would be made to land cargoes in spite of the United States blockade of both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the Mexican Republic. It is a proof of the progress that Japan has made in the last twenty years that she should now be an exporter, not an importer, of weapons of war; but there are in the country many tens of thousands of Russian rifles captured during Japan's last war, and these, I believe, were sold by auction as being useless to the Japanese Army, and have passed into the hands of traders.

Roosevelt's Brigade.

Though the United States are facing a war in Mexico with no enthusiasm, but with a fixed determination to see the thing through if necessary, ex-President Roosevelt, that most enthusiastic fighter, has made his plan for raising not a mere regiment, as he did for the Spanish-American War, but a whole brigade of Rough Riders. Should the occasion to call on his services arise, he would be under the orders of one of the officers who served under him in the previous war, for General Wood, the new Chief of the American General Staff, who would command the American forces against Mexico, was Colonel Roosevelt's Second-in-Command in the Rough Riders. In a war against Mexico, the United States would not only require the services of Colonel Roosevelt's brigade of Irregulars, but every other Irregular they can raise in their own dominions or in Mexico, for a great deal of the fighting would be that of guerilla warfare.

A Probable Plan of Campaign.

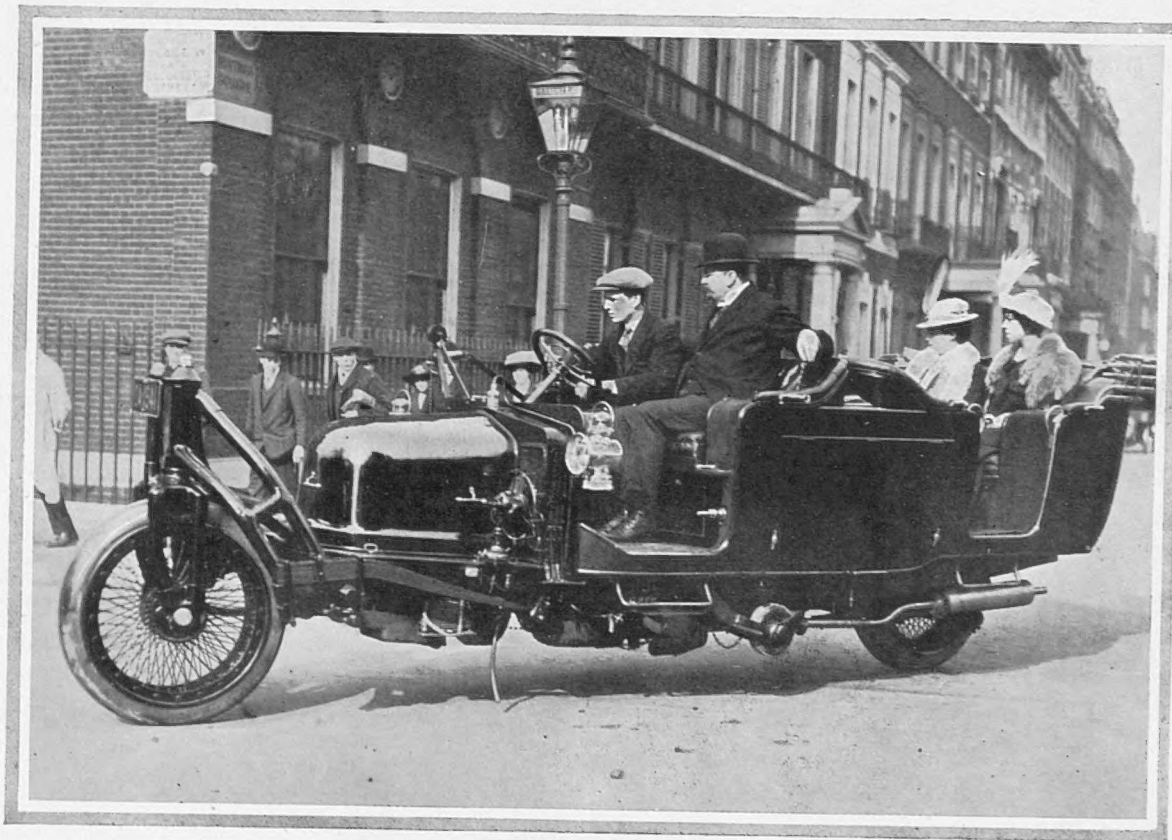
The probable plan of campaign would be the entrance into Mexico of four American forces from El Paso and Laredo on the northern frontier, and from Tampico and Vera Cruz on the Atlantic seaboard. When the important towns of the country had been

occupied, which would not be done without some very hard fighting there would come the most difficult phase of the campaign in bringing the country districts into subjection, hunting down the bands of brigands, and quieting the Indian tribes which have taken up arms. For this work Irregulars would be more suitable than Regular troops, and already I hear of the stormy petrels, the soldiers of fortune, of whom we have so many thousands in England, applying to the United States Government for employment in any forces that are to be raised.

The Decay of Road-Coaching.

I am sorry to see, on looking over the list of road-coaches which are to run out of London this summer, that the tramways and the road-makers and the motor-cars have amongst them driven very many of the usual coaches from the road. Lord Leconfield and Mr. Vanderbilt again send out their coaches on the Brighton Road, making the journey on alternate days; but Mr. Craig McKerrow, who put such splendid teams on the Windsor Road, has decided

not to run the 'Reynard' this season, one of his reasons being that the splashing when a road is being laid with tar for the benefit of motorists affects the horses' fetlock joints. Though the tarring of roads is of benefit to the motorist and to the people who live by the roadside in the suppression of dust, it seems to have many disadvantages, for the drainings from a tarred road are said to kill fish. Coaches are to run as usual to Guildford and Hampton Court, and the 'Vigilant' will very likely run to Box Hill; but that probably completes the list of coaches running out of London.



TWO-WHEELED—AND BALANCED BY A GYROSCOPE: DR. SCHILOWSKY'S NOVEL MOTOR-CAR ON A TRIAL TRIP IN LONDON.

Londoners had a new sensation the other day when a two-wheeled motor-car, which keeps its balance by means of a gyroscope, appeared for a trial trip in Portman Square and Regent's Park. It was in charge of the inventor, Dr. Pierre Schilowsky, who is a Russian lawyer. Among the interested spectators was Mr. Louis Brennan, the inventor of the mono-rail, and one of the first passengers was Lady Primrose. The car behaved very well, and the balancing mechanism responded instantly to any change of weight from side to side. There is an automatic device for supporting the car should the machinery stop.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Alsace and the 99th Regiment.

The regiment which was moved out of Gratz to a manœuvring camp after its quarrel with the inhabitants of the town and the slashing of a lame cobbler by a young Lieutenant, has marched back to the town again, without the officers who were chiefly responsible for the incidents, and has been received by the inhabitants without hostility, if without enthusiasm. The good people of the town, when they demanded the withdrawal of one particular regiment, did not bargain that they should be left without a garrison in their midst, for soldiers, even though they be unfriendly soldiers, bring large sums of money into the pockets of local merchants and farmers and shop-keepers, and the withdrawal of a garrison from a town means the depletion of the money-bags of its inhabitants. I can remember an occasion when a mounted corps, in the days when Sir Theophilus Shepstone ruled the Transvaal, was sent to a village there where the Boers were notoriously hostile to the British rule. The redcoats were received with effusion by the "landroost," and the officer in command, astonished, asked him why he was so glad to see the "rooibatchi." "Because you will buy my sheep for your soldiers and make a good road through the village," was that official's quite frank reply.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE somewhat perfunctory dancing seen at State Balls in the last reign has given way before the younger and livelier influences now at work. Edward the Seventh's waltzing days were over when he came to the throne, but he always retained the sharp habit of criticism that tended to stiffen the joints of his Equerries and Gentlemen-in-Waiting. Reversing, for instance, for a long time he would not tolerate; and when one unfortunate foreign attaché, unaware of the "taboo," reversed with his partner at a State Ball, a hint not to repeat the performance came to him from the daïs. To-day all legitimate waltzing finds full favour at Buckingham Palace; and if some more adventurous damsels, not content with orthodox steps and petticoats, feel themselves thwarted by the conventions of the present Court, the thwarting probably works for the ultimate pleasure of the majority. Nobody, as things have turned out, will now regret that the Tango was officially snubbed.

Royal Step Parents.

The Queen, herself a beautiful waltzer, saw to it that all her children followed in her dancing footsteps. They learned in the nursery, and were more proficient before they reached their 'teens than a host of the smart young women of the present generation who, having postponed their learning, try to mimic the motions of the musical-comedy stage. The Prince of Wales is as proficient as his sisters, but it is doubtful if he is as keen. The craze, in so far as he caught it, came young. It was the same with the King. In an early recollection of his Majesty, recently published in the *Life of Sir Frederick Weld*, we read: "Before dinner the Prince asked me if I would not have the number of dishes cut down, so that dancing might begin sooner. I answered that I would give orders that they should be served as quickly as possible." The King, whose host evidently could not bring himself to cut the courses, was then considerably under the present age of the Prince of Wales.

Ten-Hour Days at No. 10.

Though No. 10 was able to send representatives to Burlington House, and Anthony of the Aeroplanes still has time to haunt Hendon, Mr. Asquith has been breaking records in the way of work. Over thirty years ago Disraeli wrote to Cardinal Manning: "I came here a



ENGAGED TO LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY: MR. MARK BERESFORD RUSSELL STURGIS.

Mr. Sturgis is the eldest son of the late Mr. Julian Sturgis, and of Mrs. Sturgis, of Wancote, Compton, Guildford.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MR. M. B. R. STURGIS: LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY.

Lady Rachel, who was born in 1894, is the second of the three daughters of the Earl of Wharncliffe.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

which nobody could find in the crowd. On Press Day he had been one of the few journalists difficult to place; Sir Claude Phillips, supporting one of the only top hats left to Fleet Street, represented the *Telegraph*, Mr. Lewis Hind was the *Chronicle*, Mr. Laurence Housman the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Halkett the *Pall Mall*, and the rest were, for the most part, easily associated with this or that paper. The wit who scatters his gems among the little Press-Day gathering knows where to look for them a few days later; but it puzzled the oldest hand to guess on what ticket "Toby, M.P." put in an appearance, or where his art criticism would be printed.

The Budding Rodd.

Lady Rodd's Cleopatra was not the first of her Roman triumphs. At her fancy-dress ball last year she was the Juno of a wonderful Olympian group, in which the least of the goddesses was (in the language of mortals) six feet and very pretty. Sir Rennell Rodd is fond of putting into verse the scenes that his wife reconstructs in her palace drawing-room or under the cypresses in the Embassy garden. Most of his themes are picturesque even to a fault, or so thought the owner of an irreverent voice raised on one occasion in the Sheldonian. Sir Rennell's Newdigate on "Columba's Isle" and "The Lonely Cloisters in the Northern Sea" was being recited when a college friend shouted "Oysters" at the appropriate moment. Sir Rennell did not, however, swallow his words, or his poetic ambitions.

Mexico or Rydal Mount.

It is the intention of Wordsworthians all over the world to honour the poet next April, and on all succeeding Aprils. It is the month of "the dancing daffodils," but not only on that account has it been chosen; Wordsworth was born in April, was elected Poet-Laureate in April, and died in April. When his day is instituted, Grasmere will become the centre of celebrations in his honour, and it is calculated that Americans will not be absent. Will the President make his favourite poet an excuse for again visiting England? He has already trodden all the Wordsworth country; and Rydal Mount is restfully far from Tampico. Lakeland would be an ideal place in which to forget all about the Mexican imbroglio.



ENGAGED: MISS LILIAN MARY PEARSE AND MR. LYONULPH TOLLEMACHE.

Miss Pearse is the younger daughter of Mr. E. T. W. Pearse, Government Agent and Gold Commissioner, Kamloops, British Columbia. Mr. Tollemache is the youngest son of Mrs. Tollemache (of South Wytham, Lincolnshire) and of the late Rev. R. W. Lionel Tollemache.

Photographs by Borup and Hills and Saunders.



fortnight ago, and have never since quitted this roof. But I have not been idle, for I have held five Cabinets in a week—a feat unprecedented in the annals of Downing Street. Peel once held four, but they were not so tranquil as these later ones." Last week the "P. M." added several busy breakfasts to the previous record.

Toby Strayed.

Sir Henry Lucy, that little man of many friends, was not so lost at the Private View as most people. He had done the Academy carefully two days before among the art critics, and was able, in consequence, to guide Cabinet Ministers and other mere private-viewers to the pictures that everybody wanted to see, but



TO MARRY TO-DAY (MAY 6): MISS HELENOR M. PARKER AND CAPTAIN ROBERT M. BAX, R.N.

Miss Helenor Marjorie Parker is the daughter of Major W. F. Parker, of Delamore, Ivy Bridge, South Devon. Captain Bax specialised in gunnery and was appointed Captain for Special Service in the "Vernon" in 1913. In November 1913, he became Flag-Captain in the Home Fleets at Portsmouth. He has the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal.—[Photographs by Russell.]



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



SIR ALFRED FRIPP—FOR FINDING THE OPERATION OF KISSING THE BOOK A MORE LUCRATIVE ONE THAN MOST WITNESSES.

Sir Alfred Fripp, the well-known London surgeon, was mentioned the other day in the Dublin Probate Court as being a necessary witness in a case. Counsel said Sir Alfred's fee would be £262 10s., with an additional £157 10s. for each



WILLY FERRERO—FOR BEING A WONDERFUL MANIPULATOR OF THE BATON, AND EQUALLY FOND OF A CRESS SANDWICH.

Little Willy Ferrero, the wonderful seven-year-old musical conductor, the other day led the New Symphony Orchestra at the Albert Hall with great success. Afterwards, it is reported, he played soldiers, banged a drum, and ate "numberless cress sandwiches."



TSAR FERDINAND—FOR BEING ABLE TO HAVE TRUNK CALLS WITHOUT INCREASING HIS TELEPHONE BILL.

subsequent day, exclusive of hotel, travelling, and incidental expenses.—Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria recently bought four elephants, and spends hours every day teaching them balancing tricks and seeing them have their bath.

Photographs by Swaine, Illustrations Bureau, and Maies Tarsa.



KING ALFONSO—FOR LOOKING A BEAU IDEAL SCOUTMASTER.

King Alfonso, who is keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement, recently appeared in public at Madrid wearing a Scoutmaster's uniform.—Señor Capablanca, the famous chess-player, is a native of Cuba. A post has been found



SEÑOR CAPABLANCA—FOR GETTING INTO THE CONSULAR SERVICE ENTIRELY ON THE SQUARE.

for him in the Cuban Consulate, to enable him to play in the World's Championship.—Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous caterer, is shown in our photograph wearing the uniform of a hussar.—[Photos. by Prensa Grafica, Photopress, and Dover Street Studios.]

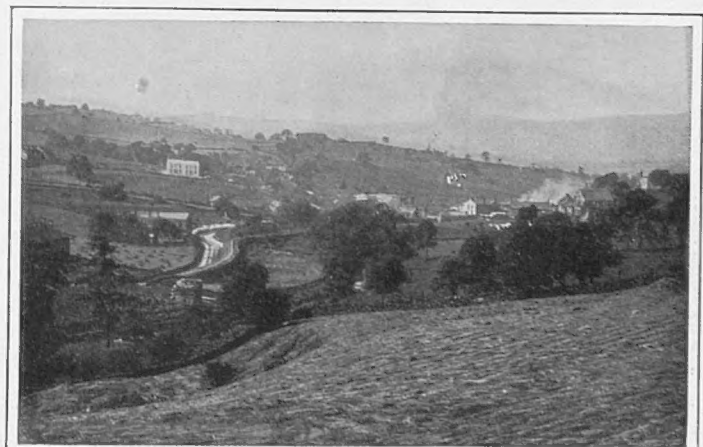


SIR JOSEPH LYONS—FOR BEING A HUSSAR (? FROM HUNG'RY).



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR—FOR HAVING PROFITED BY AT LEAST ONE OF HER "HOURS IN A LIBRARY."

Mr. William Vincent Astor, the multi-millionaire, son of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, who died in the "Titanic" disaster, married Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington on April 30. The wedding took place in the library of her parents' house at Staatsburg, New York.—Bugsworth, a little village in the Peak District of Derbyshire, proposes to change its name to Buxworth, on the ground that, like



THE VILLAGE OF BUGSWORTH—FOR WISHING TO POSSESS A NAME SUGGESTIVE OF THE BUCK RATHER THAN OF OTHER SPECIES OF SMALL DEER.

Buxton, it was once a great hunting centre, and took its name from the buck.—Mr. Frank Brangwyn has protested against the indiscriminate use of clashing colours (such as blue, green, khaki, shrimp-pink, and rose-madder) in the painting of the outsides of West-End houses. He thinks the L.C.C. or someone ought to interfere, and bring about some unity of colour-scheme.



MR. FRANK BRANGWYN—FOR HIS INDIGNATION THAT MAY-FAIR HOUSE-PAINTERS ARE ALSO AMONG THE FUTURISTS.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood, and Hoppé.



THE CHOCOLATE-MAKER, THE MIDINETTE, AND THE LOST LOTTERY-TICKET: "MLLE. TRALALA."

Love and Lotteries.

"Mam'selle Tralala" has more of a story than is commonly found in musical comedy. It concerns love, a lottery, and a midinette. The connection between love and lotteries is fairly obvious. The world has always regarded love as something of a lottery, and marriage as a gamble: this sentence sounds rather like an epigram, but I am not sure that it is, the distinction between lottery and gamble hardly amounting to a difference. "Differences," of course, are very important in gambling—on the Stock Exchange: poor Wordsworth found that, as is shown in the famous line, "But oh, the difference to me!" I do not know much about lotteries, for although assailed during long years by offers of many kinds of lottery-tickets, I have never fallen. I earn my money too severely to have any intention of risking it foolishly, and in nearly every form of gambling the odds are heavy against the punter. Yet the remark is foolish, for many hard-working people are fierce gamblers, as you can see by Mathilde Seralo's brilliant novel concerning the lottery mania in Italy. Perhaps sober people will denounce "Mam'selle Tralala" on the ground that, according to its story, happiness is reached by means of a lottery prize, which enables the son of the chocolate-maker to marry the virtuous midinette. Yet, when strictly analysed, the plot does not quite show this, but it pretends to. However, I will not write any more about plots; there are too many in the air just now; the subject is overdone. Let me discuss midinettes instead—a much jollier subject.

Midinettes.

Delightful creatures, these midinettes, and they seem to have a jolly time. Mam'selle Tralala, for instance, daughter of a waiter, employée in a *magasin de modes*, apparently had no work to do, except sit to the coiffeur, wear swaggy clothes, and trot about Paris with old men and young, drinking champagne from comparatively early morn until somewhere about the day after to-morrow: *but*, and I wish to insist upon this, and would like to get the printer to put the "but" in red ink, *but* her heart was in the right place, and she was strictly virtuous. So she married a young gentleman with half-a-million francs and a rich, frivolous father, which shows that to be virtuous is to be wise. No doubt she would not have done all this if she had not chanced to be Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is so gay and charming, sings so prettily, dances so deftly that, but for my duty towards Mrs. Monocle, I should be charmed to buy champagne for her all day long, if the price of these articles would meet the bill. She tra-la-laced delightfully, acted cleverly, and, in one little scene of pathos, nearly caused

me to pipe my eye. Why was I not a chocolate-maker?—for chocolate-makers, if one accepts Mr. James Blakeley as typical, seem to make money without working; and the only drawback to the profession is that you possess a formidable wife, who, however, is quite easily duped, and swallows falsehoods as easily as I can swallow beer. Mr. James Blakeley, otherwise Monsieur Bruno Richard, is a droll old scoundrel, or middle-aged, who rips about with the midinette (having, I presume, the most dishonourable intentions), gets into horrible scrapes, and comes out smiling gaily. Mr. Blakeley is not quite so concentratedly funny as he was in "The Laughing Husband," but is really quite comic. Some of his jokes are a trifle cheap—perhaps Mr. Arthur Wimperis did not write them; but, all the same, he keeps the house in laughter throughout.

Other Comedians. One must not overlook Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who represented Aristide, a foolish fellow from the country. Queer how the French are fond of these pretentious names, such as Aristide, Onésime, Démosthène and Anaximandre, regularly given in drama to comic young men from the country. Mr. Hendrie makes a very droll figure of him, and, unlike the ordinary comic actor in musical pieces, takes great pains always to keep within the picture. Have I mentioned the music by Jean Gilbert, quite bright and often pretty, in style very much like the music of "The Girl in the Taxi," a work of the same character? Both of the pieces have a certain dryness in sentiment that is agreeable, and helps one over passages a little trying in the clammily sweet musical comedies. After all, I have forgotten to mention a clever piece of acting of Mr. Charles Trevor, as a lottery agent; and I might very well put in a word for Miss Frances Torrens, who presented a milliner. Of course, there are

lots of pretty girls in amazing dresses, and we had bright scenery as well—a little showy and commonplace, perhaps, but that is expected. Altogether "Mam'selle Tralala," if less than a masterpiece, is certainly better than most of its class, and quite delights the audience. What puzzles me is the necessity of getting a book from "Georg Okonkowski and Leo Leipziger." We have lots of people who could write quite as good a book—Mr. Arthur Wimperis, for instance; and the lyrics would run more smoothly with the music, since the task of translating lyrics to fit a given tune is appalling. I know, for I have tried. The curious thing is that the authors with the weird names, though obviously not Gallic, produce a libretto which clearly suggests French farce, not merely in fact, but even in spirit, and fortunately avoids the sentimental note that the Teutons are fond of sticking into these essentially frivolous works.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



MUCH NICER THAN A SECRET DRAWER! MLLE. TRALALA PRODUCES THE HALF LOTTERY-TICKET FROM HER STOCKING: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AS MLLE. TRALALA, MR. CHARLES TREVOR AS PHILIPPE MICHEL, AND MR. JAMES BLAKELEY AS BRUNO RICHARD.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY? MME. RICHARD INTRODUCES CLAIRE TO HER NEW "FIANCÉ": MR. ERNEST HENDRIE AS ARISTIDE VOLNAY, MISS GWLADYS GAYNOR AS CLAIRE, AND MISS AMY AUGARDE AS MME. RICHARD.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

ing lyrics to fit a given tune is appalling. I know, for I have tried. The curious thing is that the authors with the weird names, though obviously not Gallic, produce a libretto which clearly suggests French farce, not merely in fact, but even in spirit, and fortunately avoids the sentimental note that the Teutons are fond of sticking into these essentially frivolous works.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "MAM'SELLE TRALALA."



THERE'S METHOD IN HIS MADNESS! THE PECCANT CHOCOLATE-MANUFACTURER FEIGNS INSANITY TO MYSTIFY HIS WIFE—IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE LYRIC.

"Mam'selle Tralala," the new musical play at the Lyric, has all the elements of a big success—much humour supplied by Mr. James Blakeley, Mr. Charles Trevor, and others; delightful singing and dancing, especially on the part of Miss Yvonne Arnaud; and pretty music by M. Jean Gilbert.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



THE NEW CARDINAL.

THE list of the Cardinals to be created at the approaching Consistory contains one name, says the *Times*, of more than common interest to England. "The great services which Dom Gasquet has rendered to his Church," we read, "are only equalled by those which he has rendered to his own country as a historian. Every Englishman will rejoice that the Pope should have singled out for the highest honour one of the most distinguished writers of the English language and the greatest living authority on the early history of England." *Times* and the *Times* have changed. When Manning got his Hat, he was twitted in that organ for accepting compensation for the Anglican Archdeacon's gaiters he had cast aside. Now, Gasquet is congratulated and praised as if he had spent his life in acknowledging those gaiters and recognising Anglican Orders.

The Difficult Enemy. But even if Abbot Gasquet has spent his life in doing just the opposite, the praise of the *Times* seems to come quite naturally. Nobody twits him; nobody denies him his dues as a historian, though the history he writes would have been regarded a few generations ago as Romish fable rather than solid English fact. Manning, though he could quell hostility, did at first provoke it; Dom Gasquet, though steeped in controversy, is never exactly in opposition. To those, at any rate, who have the honour of his friendship, the idea of hostility is not to be entertained. He is a great man always bending, always courteous, always conceding. It is difficult to be hostile to a man whose very presence seems to confer an honour.

My Lord Cardinal. "I am pleased, of course," said one of the Abbot's friends when she heard he was to have his Cardinal's Hat; "but I am miserable when I remember that it means the end of his informal week-ends at my husband's place in the country." It is true, of course, that "my Lord Cardinal" must keep state. When he dines in St. James's Square, the Duke of Norfolk will meet him at the door, the royal awning must be stretched across the pavement, and his progress from the drawing-room to the dining-room must be a Prince's. There is no need, however, for the Abbot's less consequential friends to lament his new station. He will find a way. Even as an Abbot he wore a ring that had to be kissed by those who came to close quarters; but it was always a momentary anxiety with him to let slip or make little of the ceremony. He is to have a Hat, but he will never wear it. Probably nobody in England, except Sir Herbert Tree and the Dom himself, would claim to know the right occasions for the wearing of the Red—and ten to one the usage at His Majesty's would be condemned by the learned Prior of the English Benedictines.

The Papal Bearskin.

Abbot Gasquet is inclined to apologise for his ring and hide it; he is the least trigid of great men. But he is a great man for all that, and looks a great man. In the Benedictine habit of everyday monastic wear, or even in the dull clerical cloth he dons for town, the priestly has been tinged with the princely aspect; and when on days of ceremony he throws the bearskin that is his by right of some rare Papal Order across his shoulders he looks a Prince for nobility. It is round such a man, whether he likes it or not, that the old dispute of a Cardinal's precedence in England may be waged anew.

"After You, Sir." "Amused irritation" was the phrase for the Archbishop of Canterbury's feelings when Cardinal Manning was given precedence immediately below the

Royal Family. That precedence was accorded under Queen Victoria's sign-manual, with the approval of the Heir to the Throne; and although Gladstone, when he faced the wrath of the Anglican bishops, explained that it was accorded merely as a courtesy, it is not clear that the plea appeased them, or was, indeed, a good one. The Royal ruling has never been reversed except by Archbishop Benson, whose "amused irritation" carried him to the length of ordering his bishops to assert their precedence whenever it was possible. Abbot Gasquet is not inclined to worry about such trifles. In whatever assembly he finds himself he is a man among men, and the dignity of the Vatican and the Curia is safe in his keeping.

A Question of Keys.

He is liked everywhere, and by everybody. Downside and its boys like him, the attendants at the British Museum like him, the monks of Sant Anselmo on the Aventine like him, and Lady Dorothy Nevill liked him—though she thought, with her usual recklessness, that his name was spelled "Quaschait." Whether he is chanting his office at Downside (and he has the right voice for Abbey choirs) or ransacking manuscripts in the Vatican, or giving advice at his London

quarters in Harpur Street, or ruthlessly editing St. Jerome in the offices of the Commission for the revision of the Vulgate, or lecturing in America, he accomplishes the business in hand with peculiar thoroughness and spirit. In New York he gathered record audiences, but was not content to rest on such easy triumphs. In one small town he found himself booked to speak in a hall that was also a gymnasium, and not until he had himself moved a vaulting-horse and erected the magic-lantern did things promise to go smoothly. The crowd arrived, and the musician (indispensable to the programme) sat down at the piano, only to find that it was locked and without a key. Now the Abbot has a finger on other keys—of St. Peter—and is consoled.



THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, ABBOT PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINES, WHO IS TO BE CREATED A CARDINAL.

The Right Rev. Francis A. Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B., is Abbot President of the English Benedictines, President of the International Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, and historical writer. He was born in London on Oct. 5, 1846, third son of Dr. Gasquet. For seven years, from 1878, he was Superior of the Benedictine Monastery and College of St. Gregory, Downside. Of his many works the best known, perhaps, are "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," "Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer," "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury," "A Sketch of Monastic Constitutional History," "A Short History of the Catholic Church in England," "English Monastic Life," "Henry III. and the Church," "Lord Acton and his Circle," "Parish Life in Mediaeval England," and "The Greater Abbeys of England." He is a member of the Athenaeum Club. [Photograph by Vandyk.]

AS LIKE AS TWO—SISTERS: DAUGHTERS OF LADY MEUX.



1. THE HON. EDITH CADOGAN, WHO IS TO BE PRESENTED AT ONE OF THE JUNE COURTS; AND THE HON. SIBYL CADOGAN, NEW EXTRA MAID OF HONOUR TO THE QUEEN.
2. THE HON. SIBYL CADOGAN.
3. THE HON. EDITH CADOGAN.

The Misses Sibyl and Edith Cadogan are the first two of the five daughters of the late Henry Arthur, Viscount Chelsea, and of the Hon. Lady Meux, and grand-daughters of Earl Cadogan. Miss Sibyl Cadogan was born in 1893; Miss Edith Cadogan in 1895. Their mother is the younger sister of Lord Alington, and married her second husband, Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth Lambton (now Meux), in 1910.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles.]

HAWTHORN - HILLING : AT THE BRIGADE 'CHASES.



1. LADY COTTON-JODRELL, WIFE OF SIR EDWARD COTTON-JODRELL, FORMERLY M.P. FOR THE WIRRAL DIVISION.

3. LORD AND LADY CHELSEA.

2. THE HON. ALEX. BERTIE; AND THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (RIGHT).

4. MRS. BINGHAM.

Sir Edward Cotton-Jodrell is the son of the late Right Rev. George E. L. Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta, has been a Colonel in the Territorial Force and Deputy-Assistant Director at Headquarters, and has been M.P. for the Wirral Division of Cheshire. In 1878, he married Mary Rennell, daughter of the late William Rennell Coleridge, of Salston, Devon. He has two daughters—Mrs. Henry Ramsden and Mrs. Richard

Stapleton-Cotton.—The Hon. Alex. Bertie is the daughter of Lord Norreys, eldest son of the Earl of Abingdon.—The Countess of Rosslyn, whose marriage took place in 1908, was Miss Vera Bayley, and is the daughter of Mr. Eric Edward Bayley, formerly of the 17th Lancers.—Lord Chelsea is the eldest son of Earl Cadogan. He married Miss Lilian Coxon in 1911.

Photographs by Topical and C.N.

WE CAN SHOW RACE - COURSE FASHIONS TOO!



1. BLACK AND WHITE.

2. THE RAINBOW SKIRT.

3. THE CLASP-AT-THE-KNEES CLOAK.

4. THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (LEFT); AND LADY HUGH GROSVENOR, AUNT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

5. LADY DESBOROUGH AND HER YOUNGEST SON, THE HON. IVO GRENFELL.

So much has been said of fashion on foreign race-courses that we feel it is time to show again that British race-meetings, too, can provide many glimpses of the latest things in ladies' dress, and that without the aid of the mannequin. The professional paraders of dress, indeed, are never very likely to become a feature of outdoor sporting functions in this country; for, judging from those of our neighbours across the Channel, their costumes are apt to be of a nature rather too exaggerated for adoption

here.—The Duchess of Sutherland is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. As Lady Eileen Butler, she was a Train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation. Her marriage took place in 1912.—The wedding of Lord Hugh Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster, and Lady Mabel Crichton, daughter of the Earl of Erne, took place in 1906.—Lady Desborough was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary in 1911. She has two daughters and three sons.

Photographs by C.N., Alfieri, and Topical.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

I DO not know what the circulation of this paper is, but I will for the sake of argument assume that it is one hundred thousand. Well, of that number of readers it is fairly safe to suppose that ninety-nine thousand five hundred and forty-seven are would-be

novelists; that of the remaining four hundred and fifty-three, slightly over nine-tenths are established novelists; and that the small residue is made up of eccentrics, deviations from the norm, who have but little curiosity about their fellow-men—at least, none of that curiosity which makes them insistent on telling the world what they know about it—or who play golf so much and so regularly that they never have time for literary exercise. It is to the first, the preponderant category, that I now address myself.

If you want to write a novel, you cannot too clearly make up your mind beforehand as to the kind of novel you want to write. I leave out of the question the "historical" novel. In the first place, I know very little about it; and in the second, it seems to every beginner so easy a kind on which to embark that he would resent even a little counsel. No, I am thinking of the novel of modern life, the story, however fantastic or picaresque or realistic, of our own time. Two books drifted into my hands the other day when I was away from home and other English books, and I can commend their strangely varying methods to any and every one who wants

French book to be French. But the two are alike in one thing: they are both written with knowledge, exact, detailed, convincing knowledge, of the world of which they treat. Of how many English novels of the present day can that be said? Of more than in the past in proportion, of course; but still it remains true that the majority of our young novelists get their atmosphere where they get their plots—out of their inner consciousness. In their third year at Balliol or at Newnham they begin their novel: the first part is all about school and college, and that I daresay is accurate enough; the rest has to be invented in every sense of the word. Just about one manuscript in a dozen that comes to a publisher's desk is written by a man who knows what he is writing about. Now that is ridiculous. It should be clear to the most ordinary intelligence that one is most interesting about what one understands best, about the world in which one lives, the trade in which one works, the art in which one delights. And if you are convinced that the field you live in is too dull for any literary purpose, then—although I still hold that you are wrong—step into some other acre and study it, get to know it absolutely, to understand its people.

Anthony Trollope knew the world of which he wrote. That is one of the chief reasons why "Barchester Towers" remains one of the most fascinating of Victorian novels. He knew from the inside bishops and archdeacons and chaplains and provincial society of a certain kind. You feel perfectly sure as you read that he has neither "faked" his atmosphere and his detail, nor "mugged them up" for the occasion. Exactly the same thing is true about Monsieur Duvernois. His world is not solidly respectable like that over which

Mrs. Proudie essayed to rule, nor indeed is it respectable at all. It is a world of which one can only talk in terms of literature. But how he does convince one that he knows it! Each of the young and old men who come to confide or for consolation lives clearly in one's mind. One has known such foolish fellows, and, taking Monsieur Duvernois' word for the atmosphere, one is sure that that is the way they would talk, that they would in such circumstances behave exactly so. In fact, Monsieur Duvernois has taken his acre and has made it his own, has mastered it either with the aid of a note-book or of a most percipient mind. Even his charming and fantastic story, "La Fausse Noce," has that quality of conviction.

To the shade of Anthony Trollope I apologise for associating his most respectable and mid-Victorian story even for a few lines with "La Maison des Confidences"; I doubt more than a little whether Monsieur Duvernois would find Barchester and its people either sympathetic or interesting. But there are the two books—one of 1857, the other of 1914: the man who wants to write fiction and yet is uncertain of his method cannot do better than read and re-read both. They will teach him that, however much he may rely on invention for his incidents, he must rely on knowledge for his atmosphere.



THE ELDER OF LORD DERBY'S SONS: LORD STANLEY AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING.

Lord Stanley was born on July 9, 1894.
Photograph by Sport and General.

to head the "New Fiction List" of some well-known firm. One was "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope, first published, I fancy, in 1857, and the other "La Maison des Confidences," by Monsieur Henri Duvernois, issued to a careless world a few months ago. Now here are books, workmanlike, true books. "Barchester Towers" you know, of course. It is the Mrs. Proudie novel. It is all about the quiet, unhurried life of an English cathedral town, about seemly love affairs, dons, clergymen of various values, sermons; it is profoundly English. Monsieur Duvernois' book is as different as it can be—as different in method, and subject, and manner. It is peculiarly French, French in fact and in essence, and French (I am afraid—and I had to get the warning in somewhere) in the way in which one expects a



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLCHASE MEETING: LORD DERBY.

The seventeenth Earl of Derby—creation dating from 1485—has been Chief Press Censor during the South African War and Private Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts; a Junior Lord of the Treasury; Financial Secretary to the War Office; Postmaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet; and Lord Mayor of Liverpool. He has been M.P. for the West Houghton Division of South-East Lancashire.—[Photograph by C.N.]



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING: LORD LOVAT AND LADY DERBY.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1889, Lady Derby was known as Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester. She is an aunt of the present Duke. In 1901 she was appointed a Bedchamber Woman to Queen Alexandra, in 1908 a Lady of the Bedchamber, and in 1910 an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber.—Lord Lovat served in South Africa as Captain of Lovat's Scouts, which he raised.

Photograph by Topical.

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. XII.—WHEN OUR PUPPY RUNS ACROSS THE ROAD TO CALL ON ANOTHER DOG.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

LONDON PLAYS AND PLAYGROUNDS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I NEVER knew Geography "in the corners," and never mourned over the fact. Geography is not a question of maps and study, but of cranium: you possess the bump of locality, or you possess it not. Not to possess it has its advantages. In these tame days when "everywhere" has been discovered, it is the ignorant alone who still retain the sense of adventure.

There is one geographical point, however, which is of great interest to me. What is London's exact superficies?—what are its limits? Where does London the enlightened, the cultured, the elegant, the thinking, the up-to-date—where does it end? And where does the rancid, the retrograde, the slow-pulsed, the belated, the dowdy, the hopelessly out-of-touch and of calendar, the stock joke of the humourist—where does Suburbia begin? I had always thought that Suburbia was just a name handed down to us from the time when the nearest place outside London town was half-a-day's journey in a coach. But I must have been wrong, for there is no joke without truth at its back. I thought that Suburbia was a word that evoked the dead, a word that had lost its sense, a sort of label without the bottle. We have so many such words nowadays. We say "clever" of an absurd work of art too idiotic to be called merely good. We call a man of forty a "boy," anything *outré* is "chic," and a "phenomenon" is the equivalent for extraordinary. Having no time for conversation or letter-writing, we are losing the sense of words, and, in spite of a few new technical words, mostly about machinery, our vocabulary is shrinking.

To me "suburban" had lost its former sense—which was "of the suburb," and meant *bourgeois*, narrow, circumscribed—but I find that, to many, Suburbia is not a symbol, but a place and a class! There is, for example, Mr. G. B. Shaw and—Earl's Court! Mr. Alfred Sutro and—Bethnal Green! Are we to consider "Pygmalion" and "The Clever Ones" as expressions of modern and general thought, or are your two playwrights partial to the crinoline era? I thought one could live in Mayfair and be suburban, or inhabit outside the frontier of the half-crown taxi-fare and yet have some leaven in one's composition!

I had always imagined (but then I don't know England very well) that Earl's Court was a few stations after Piccadilly, that it was of practically new growth, that they knew the telephone there, that they even had it in some houses; also that they had book and newspaper-shops, lending-libraries, and that the people who lived in Earl's Court could now and then get out of it. I had heard, of course, that it had an Exhibition, but what will you? Has not, by night, your lovely blue and black Embankment exasperating and thirsty

ghosts out of Walter Scott's novels flaring up, in crude lights, into the delicacy of your smoky skies? Had not Achilles one heel that was no better than yours and mine?—and has not Bernard Shaw himself a beard and prejudices? I had known and sympathised with Earl's Court about the Exhibition, but I had never known about the accent! I had imagined that an accent had roots, that it grew out of the soil, but not that it was in the air and attacked you like a microbe. If so, how many accents must be grafted one on to the other in the course of the average roaming life of our contemporaries! And apart from their accent, what are the other characteristics of the people of Earl's Court? They are a white-skinned race, I understand. Do they eat human flesh? Perhaps that Exhibition was built for the purpose of exhibiting them to the knowledge-seeking, intelligent, appreciative and civilised Londoner.

I do not know where Bethnal Green may be. It has a pleasant, bucolic sound—that of a hamlet where they still bowl and dance on the green. Bethnal, Bethnal Green. . . . Decidedly Eastern as well as Arcadian! Quite a seductive name! But, according to Mr. Alfred Sutro, one cannot be happy in Bethnal Green who has once tasted the height and the heath of Hampstead! Hampstead, it seems, is a manufacturing town, a town productive of clever people and of costers on holiday bent. How comes it that English suburbs can be so clearly categorised—this for the dowds and that for the blue-stockings? Why should the brain expand in the North-West district and not in the South? Why should barrel-organs sound more hopeless and suicide-provoking in Bethnal Green than around the British Museum? To me there can be no spot with a more potent heart-in-your-soles influence than the West Central; yet it is London. It must be very hard to be a mummy

in the British Museum; one is so much more so there, don't you think?

Suburbia is nowhere and everywhere. One does not inhabit Suburbia, but is inhabited by it. Given a little more space and a less sour disposition, Diogenes might have held a salon in that tub of his. It matters not where you are, but what you are; Suburbia is not a question of rooms, but of cells, brain-cells; not of place, but of pace. And to come back to "Pygmalion," great admirer as I am of Mrs. Pat's talent, I think there are two details her exactitude has overlooked. Flower-girls have not yet been bitten by Futurism, and the feathers on their hats may be many, but never multi-coloured; nor have they yet favoured the classical or modern bareness of neck and throat. They are all either too proud of their brooch or too shy of their neck and its possible high-water mark to adopt the V shape.



WATCHING THE 'CHASERS AT HAWTHORN HILL: LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, ONLY SISTER OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

Lady Rosemary is twenty-one this year.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



AT HAWTHORN HILL: LORD AND LADY LOCH AND LADY IRENE CONGREVE.

Lord Loch, who is the second Baron, is a Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards and a General Staff Officer at the War Office. He saw active service with the Nile Expedition of 1898 (result: mention in despatches, medal, Egyptian medal with clasp, and the D.S.O.), and in South Africa (result: severely wounded, mention in despatches, Queen's medal with four clasps, and Brevet-Major). He is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. In 1905, he married Lady Margaret Compton, sister of the Marquess of Northampton.—Lady Irene Congreve is the second daughter of the Earl of Bessborough. Her marriage to Mr. John Congreve took place in 1904.—[Photo. by Topical.]

NOT LIKELY!



FOR SALE.

THE NURSE: A stork has brought you a little baby brother. Would you like to see him?
THE ELDER BROTHER: Please, can I see the stork instead?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SONS OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE: THE MPRET'S PEOPLE.*

Lances as the
Pinions Upon
Which Pyrrhus
Flew.

It is not always of that Albania which has its autonomy and its Mpret that Mr. Wadham Peacock has to tell: it is some while since he was private secretary to the British Chargé d'Affaires in Montenegro and Consul-General in North Albania; but that does not lessen the precision of his observations and the interest of his book. As he himself has it: "The new King has arrived at his new capital, and the European ruler has replaced the Turkish Pasha. But the soul of the Shkypetar people remains the same, and the Albania of to-morrow will be the Albania of yesterday with only a superficial variation. In the Near East things when they change, change slowly, and the transition from the Middle Ages to the Twentieth Century will not be accomplished by a stroke of the pen because Europe has at last recognised its founding State." In similar vein, did not a *Times* Special of the other day affirm that Albania may most fairly be likened to Afghanistan as being as little known to Europeans, and in some ways as wild as that "buffer" ruled by Habibullah Khan? Truly, to the man-in-the-street, it was only "when Austria insisted on Albania being made into an independent state on the lines of Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, that the towns, rocks, and plains of Albania began to emerge from the mediaeval darkness in which they had been for so long enveloped, a darkness so intense that even Gibbon could write of the Albanians as a 'vagrant tribe of shepherds and robbers,' without any hint of who and what they really are." And they are "Shkypetars, the Sons of the Mountain Eagle. . . . They have a legend that Pyrrhus, when told by his troops that his movements in war were as rapid as the swoop of an eagle, replied that it was true, because his soldiers were Sons of the Eagle, and their lances were the pinions upon which he flew. If this story had any foundation in fact, it goes to show that the name Shkypetar was known to, or adopted by, the people and their King about 300 B.C., and one can only marvel at the modesty which dates the name no further back. At any rate, Pyrrhus, the greatest soldier of his age, was a Shkypetar or Albanian, and beside him the Czar Dushan is a modern and an interloper."

"Owing Blood." With such pride of antiquity behind them, who can wonder that the people now ruled by a Prince of the House of Wied remain much as they were? More and more they are living *alla franca*, more and more, doubtless, they will do so; but for many a year the ways and wiles of the west must be foreign to them: despite Bismarck, there *is*, and long has been, an Albanian nationality. Old customs linger, notable amongst them "owing blood," a thing characteristic. Rules and regulations notwithstanding, it may be assumed—to continue to deal with the example mentioned—that Montague and Capulet "affairs" will flourish in the future as they have of yore. Mr. Peacock writes of

the past in most instances—of the comparatively recent past; but it is safe to say also of time to come. "An Albanian, if any of his tribe or kinsfolk were engaged in a blood-feud, went through the mountains with his life in his hand. He might at any moment be shot down without warning for the sins of another man, and hence he always had to walk unencumbered, with his rifle ready and his pistols loose in his girdle. Nominally the blood-feud was abolished under the Turkish rule, but it is not so easy to eradicate ancient customs from primitive minds. The life of a woman was sacred; no man would touch her; and for this reason, and as the goods of the poorer families had to be got to market somehow, the woman had to carry them while the man acted as a sort of police-guard."

Yet, says Mr. Peacock, "the causes of these unhappy quarrels were frequently very trivial. A dispute over a game at cards or a jostle in the bazaar would suffice to make a man fire upon his neighbour and shoot him dead. And the matter did not end there. Every member of the murdered man's family was bound in honour to seek out and shoot the murderer wherever he could find him. If he could not find the actual homicide, then he had to kill the brother, or the son, or some near relative; and having in this manner appeased the spirit of his murdered kinsman, the right of blood passed over to the family of the original murderer, and they in their turn might lie in wait for one of their enemy's clan, picking out for choice an only son, or the man whose death would cause the greatest grief and distress to the opposite side. These feuds went on from generation to generation, and the original cause of some of them was lost in antiquity."

The Lamp-Lighter. Thus, too, it

may be anticipated that where the hand of the reformer is least heavy much will be done in the way in which the lamp-lighter of Scodra performed his allotted task. "With due deliberation the lamp-lighter began to light the petroleum lamps which the Vali Pasha had placed round the public garden and along the Boulevard Diplomatique. . . . He

carried a ladder, a box of lucifer matches, and an enormous green cotton umbrella. He planted his ladder against the wooden post on the top of which a common tin lamp was insecurely fastened, and, taking off the glass chimney, opened his umbrella to keep off the wind. The handle of the umbrella was tucked under his arm, and then, balancing himself on the rickety ladder, he proceeded to strike a light with his lucifers, carefully protecting the spluttering flame with both his hands. Naturally, this was a slow process, and by the time a dozen lamps were lighted everybody was safe at home, for the citizens did not go out at night, but retired to rest at a very early hour. And it was said by the wits that when the old man had finished lighting the lamps, he solemnly went round again and put them all out in order to save the Pasha's oil."—So much to introduce slightly a valuable work, which many will read to their pleasure and their profit, a work which tells of Albania and its people as they were and are and will be, and does not forget to touch firmly and fairly upon their position in the world of politics and Powers.



KEEPING SMILING: QUEEN MARY AND PRESIDENT POINCARÉ ARE AMUSED.

The Queen and the French President are seen leaving the Grand Stand at Auteuil.

Photograph by Topical.

* "Albania, the Foundling State of Europe." By Wadham Peacock. With numerous Illustrations. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE COLONEL AND THE COBRA.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

THAT most Commanding Officers suffer from liver, particularly in the mornings, and, in consequence, are inordinately irascible until the sun reaches the meridian, is an accepted belief. That some, on promotion to Colonel's rank, immediately change their sex is an equally well-recognised fact. But when in one and the same person are combined both these peculiarities, the resulting mixture of choler and elderly spinsterhood is decidedly trying to those under authority.

Now, whether he deserved it or not, it is certain that Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus William Spillinger had been likened to a peevish old woman almost from the day of his promotion. Concerning petty details, he would splutter and stamp on the floor with anger; in things which really mattered, he leant upon Tommy Greator, his Adjutant.

Tommy knew his man to a nicety. There was, indeed, no single trait of his chief's character which the Adjutant, on occasion, did not exploit.

Even for the plains of India it was a particularly hot morning. The Colonel's temper was shocking, and even the soothing swish of the punkah above his head gave him no comfort. The tramp of the sentry on the stone flags outside the orderly-room echoed on the still air. The last prisoner had been disposed of, the correspondence was nearly all signed, the prospect of tiffin was at hand.

Colonel Spillinger mopped his rubicund countenance with his handkerchief, grunted his disapproval of an official letter obsequiously left for him by his clerk, and glanced up as the figure of an officer in the khaki uniform of the Army Medical Corps darkened the doorway.

"Good-morning, Sir," said the visitor. "A very hot day!"

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel rudely. "I am not inclined for conversation this morning, Seymour. What do you want?"

The Medical Officer met the Adjutant's eye, perceptibly winked, and turned to go. Although but a young officer, he knew his man.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the Colonel, a trifle more affably.

"Oh, nothing, Sir," answered Seymour casually. "Only a little matter of sanitation. Any time will do, Sir."

"What is it, I say?" persisted the Colonel, kicking his sword-scabard with his spurred heel.

"Well, Sir, it is only a trifle concerning the condition of the subalterns' quarters. Complaints have reached me about Mr. Brown's quarters. You see, Sir, he keeps a regular menagerie in his rooms, which is decidedly unhealthy, and should be cleared out. You agree with me, Sir, I am sure. An order from you will get rid of the nuisance at once."

"Agree! Who says I agree? Even a subaltern has rights. If Mr. Brown cares to keep animals in his quarters, let him."

"Well, Sir, I saw the place myself this morning," replied Seymour. "I am afraid I must persist in recommending their removal. There are a couple of monkeys, two parrots, a young bear, a panther cub, and at least half-a-dozen snakes."

The Colonel's obstinacy, after he had once made a statement, was proverbial.

"Well, what of that?" he demanded fiercely. "I will go after tiffin and see the place for myself. Brown has a most interesting collection, I hear."

"Very good, Sir," answered Seymour, saluting, and turning on his heel.

With his moustache bristling like a walrus, the Colonel climbed to his feet, and the next minute was striding towards the officers' mess.

Certainly Nature had never intended Lieutenant James George Brown for the profession of arms. How he came to be in such a regiment as "The Thrusters" he himself barely knew. Having been offered a University commission, he had been pushed into the Army by his father. That he would have preferred to be projected into almost any other line of life was obvious from the start. He was a weird personality. Of the ways of beasts and birds, however, he was singularly knowledgeable. Whilst in England he had spent most of his pay in buying new animals, which, when the regiment went to India, he was forced to leave behind him.

In Rumnabad he found a perfect paradise. The animals he coveted could be purchased at a price ridiculously small. With delight in his soul, therefore, James George had soon filled up his back verandah, and even the available corners of his two rooms, with cages. A python slept in its basket beneath his bed, a cobra hissed in its wire-fronted hutch in his sitting-room, birds of gay plumage squawked or sang, monkeys quarrelled, a baby bear fed from his hand.

There are many square pegs in round holes. If ever there was a case which failed to be the exception to prove the rule, it was James George Brown. His khaki uniform fitted him loosely; his nose, long and aquiline, seemed built for the glasses habitually found upon it; his pale-blue eyes constantly bore a far-away expression, certainly not of the parade-ground. Every moment he could snatch from his duties was spent amongst his animals. A British subaltern can be a strange bird when he likes, but time generally works his reform. No time, however, this side of eternity could have altered the outlook of Brown. He was a perfect nightmare to Greator. The Colonel, so far, obstinately refused to see any harm in him.

A heavy tiffin, including a generous supply of iced mangoes, relieved the Colonel's temper considerably. In fact, as he lit a Gargantuan cigar and looked about him for Greator, he appeared to be beaming with benevolence.

The walk across the parched grass to the long row of subalterns' quarters was quite short. There were a dozen quarters in all, Brown occupying one at the end. A verandah ran the full length of the building, front and back.

"Come along, Greator," cried the Colonel genially, "and let us unearth this mare's nest. Is Brown inside?"

"No, Sir. I believe he has gone out into the jungle. That iniquitous Tamil bearer of his is here, Sir. I understand that the fellow has been trained by Brown into a regular keeper," explained the Adjutant. "Hi, there, Sennacherib!"

"Gad, is that the man's proper name?" said the Colonel, as a long, lanky, half-naked native, hastily adjusting his turban, thrust his head through the door.

"That's what young Brown calls him, Sir," grunted Greator. "He has Biblical names for all the animals as well, I am told."

"Humph! Master out?" asked the Colonel.

"Ha, Sahib! He gone jungle," answered the Tamil, salaaming profoundly.

"Well, I have come to see his animals," announced the Colonel. "Show us where he keeps them all."

"Hah, Sahib!" replied Sennacherib readily, opening the door.

Entering the half-darkened room, the visitors peered about them with curiosity. The shutters were all down, but, after getting used to the dim light, it was easy enough to see. A baize-topped table and a single chair in the middle of the room presented the only sign of civilisation. In hutches, on shelves, reposed almost a score of small animals, whilst from the walls hung cages containing parrots, cockatoos, canaries, and a dozen other birds. Seed littered the floor, and the place smelt like a menagerie. [Continued overleaf.]

"Looks like the parrot-house at the Zoo, Sir; only a bit dirtier," growled Greatorex.

The Colonel, standing in the middle of the floor, glared about him speechlessly. At the sight of his red face, a green parrot above his head began to screech madly.

"That Absalom!" announced the Tamil solemnly. "He very special parrot, Sahib."

"Oh, is he?" snapped the Colonel, with growing irritation, starting off for the bedroom.

Through the latter room one came to the back verandah. In the semi-darkness the Colonel stumbled over a dark woolly mass at the foot of the bed, which, with remarkable celerity, unrolled itself into a baby bear.

Jumping two feet into the air, the Colonel exploded into a volley of language which shocked even the parrots into silence.

"Him Abednego," stated the Tamil blandly. "He always sleeping by Master."

"Abednego, is he?" shouted the Colonel, looking about him in undisguised fright. "I wish his confounded carcass had stopped in the fiery furnace."

Greatorex, chuckling tactfully at his chief's ready wit, glanced under the bed.

"Is it true that there's a python kept here?" he asked.

"Hah, Sahib! Python asleep in basket now. I just done feeding with eggs. He Beelzebub—same like devil!" proclaimed the Tamil proudly.

"Ah! Don't disturb him, for heaven's sake," spluttered the Colonel. "I think I've had enough of this, Greatorex. By George, Seymour is right. This sort of thing must cease, at once. The place is unsafe. Damme, Brown must be a lunatic."

"Very good animals, Sahib!" expostulated Sennacherib sadly, following the visitors back into the sitting-room. "Here Moses, giant cobra, Sahib!"

"What! Where?" ejaculated the Colonel, clutching Tommy Greatorex's arm, and bargaining against a hutch behind the door.

With a shout of fear, the Tamil sprang forward. There was death in that hutch. A particularly lively specimen of cobra, curled up in its straw, was accustomed to hiss venomously if disturbed, and the Colonel's bulky person was perilously near.

The warning, however, came too late, for the next instant the wretched Colonel, his hands pressed to his nether parts, emitted a yell of agony, and sprang into Greatorex's arms.

"I'm done for!" he gasped. "Send for Seymour—quick—or I shall be a dead man."

For the moment Greatorex's heart stood still. He knew what the bite of a cobra meant. Dragging the chattering victim to the open doorway without ceremony, Tommy hastily scrutinised the wounded spot, and his jaw dropped. The thin khaki of the Colonel's riding-breeches was punctured, and beneath could be seen the naked flesh of his thigh, stained with blood.

Greatorex did not hesitate. Every moment was precious. Within ten seconds he was running as if for his life across the maidan towards Seymour's bungalow.

The Colonel, blanched with fright, fell back in a chair, brought by Sennacherib, and shut his eyes. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hands shook in an agony of fear. The Tamil, standing first on one foot and then on the other, rolled his brown eyes and sweated likewise.

Suddenly the latter, darting into the back premises, returned with a little bottle and a hypodermic syringe.

"I remembering this medicine for snake-poison, Sahib," he stammered. "My master keeping for bites. I giving Sahib some?"

"What!" cried the Colonel, opening his eyes. "Antivenin?"

"Hah, Sahib! Master saying same like that. I giving one squirt under skin, same like master?"

"Yes. Anything. Hurry up!" shouted the Colonel, baring his arm. "I am already feeling sick."

Sennacherib had never given a hypodermic injection before, but he was no fool. So, between them, they managed to inject a syringe of the fluid beneath the skin. Then the Colonel again shut his eyes and conjured up scenes of his past life, whilst the Tamil scanned the horizon for the advent of the doctor.

Half an hour passed. As the minutes sped the Colonel's restlessness gradually ceased. The Tamil, noting the heavy breathing and the absolute immobility of the patient, began to fear the worst. He had heard that a victim of snake-bite should be kept awake. Presently, therefore, with a wild shout for help, he rushed at the unconscious Colonel, seized the fourteen stone of ponderous body under the arms, and essayed to raise him to his feet. He might, however, equally as well have attempted to dislodge the Sphinx. The Colonel snorted and gurgled, but was as inert as a dead cod-fish.

Sennacherib, his oily black skin sweating pitifully, again scanned the dusty maidan. In a moment his face had assumed its normal tranquillity. A couple of ponies were galloping towards him!

Seymour lost little time in jumping from his pony and reaching the stertorous, recumbent figure in the chair. As he rapidly examined the wound in the thigh, his face showed distinct

perplexity. He raised the closed eyelids, felt the pulse, and shook his head.

"Moses biting!" volunteered Sennacherib. "I giving medicine, Sahib; but doing no good."

"What medicine?" demanded Seymour, loosening the Colonel's collar. "Bring water and towels—quick!"

While Greatorex and the bearer fled inside to obey his commands, Seymour filled a syringe from a small vial, and made an injection. Then, the towels and water having arrived, he started beating the Colonel with the wet towel, whilst the others, under his directions, flicked the victim on the legs and hustled him all they knew how.

"Wake him up, at any cost!" ordered Seymour.

"I giving squirtful in Sahib's arm," intervened the Tamil, now producing the bottle he had used. "Master using this medicine for snakes."

Seymour, discontinuing his exertions for the moment, stared at the label on the bottle, tasted it, and then glued the quivering Tamil with his eyes.

"How much did you give?" he demanded grimly.

"One squirtful, same like master," stammered the bearer.

"Good heavens!" gasped Seymour. "He has given him about four times the ordinary dose of morphia. I thought it was the strangest snake-wound I had ever seen." Turning once more upon the Colonel, he started to belabour him with renewed vigour. "Keep him awake, Greatorex. It is morphia-poisoning we are dealing with."

Three hours later, as the horizontal rays of the afternoon sun were striking across the verandah, the owner of the quarters, riding a bicycle, turned into the compound. The sight that met his eyes seemed unbelievable.

The Colonel, naked to the waist, arm-in-arm with two hollow-eyed officers, was being urged up and down the verandah, whilst the remaining occupants of the quarters stood in awed suspense. The sight would have been paralysing to most junior subalterns. To James George Brown, glaring uncomprehendingly through spectacles, the presence of his commanding officer in any guise whatever called for but one immediate definite action. That junior officers should salute their seniors at all times was a custom which had taken root in his very bones, and which he never by any chance neglected to comply with.

Unfortunately, he was not an expert bicycle-rider, and in one hand he carried a large parrot-cage. Orders, however, were orders, not to be quibbled at. He saluted, therefore, as best he could.

The results were disastrous! The bottom fell out of the parrot-cage, the bicycle turned on itself like a thing of life, and the next second Lieutenant Brown lay ruefully amongst the wreckage, whilst the parrot, screeching with ear-splitting discordance, fled skywards.

The noise of the catastrophe brought the harassed Colonel to a standstill. If any further fillip had been necessary to complete his permanent awakening, it was there at hand, in the shape of the author of all his troubles. There and then, in semi-nakedness, with an audience of half the subalterns in the regiment, not to mention a bevy of natives in the near distance, Colonel Spillinger aired his views upon Lieutenant James George Brown. What these views were must be left to the imagination. To publish them verbatim would be indiscreet, to say the least of it.

Ten minutes later, the Colonel having drawn breath, the miserable Brown, standing humbly, with his empty cage in his hand, and both knees cut, listened to Seymour's more lucid narrative of recent events.

"I had a bottle of morphia, which I used for stupefying the python," he explained, wiping his spectacles. "Sennacherib must have mistaken it for the antivenin bottle. He can't read. I—er—don't think Moses could have bitten anyone. I—er—extracted his fangs yesterday." With the abstracted gaze of the naturalist once more in his eyes, he entered the room, opened the shutters, and boldly approached the cobra's cage. "Ah! Look here, Seymour!"

Seymour, following his directing finger, saw a piece of khaki cloth sticking to a nail projecting from the door of the cage.

"Gee whiz!" muttered he. "Nothing but a rusty nail, after all. I didn't think it could be a snake-bite. Heavens, how angry the Colonel will be!"

The Colonel, already standing glaring in the doorway, needed no further explanation. That he was angry was obvious to all who cared to read his congested countenance. There comes a time to all men, however, when words fail. To Colonel William Augustus Spillinger that time had come!

Tommy Greatorex, with a tact acquired by long practice, led his commanding officer homewards. It was not until next day that the latter was seen again in public, and by that time no vestige of an animal or the Tamil, Sennacherib, was to be found in barracks.

A week later, Lieutenant Brown took long leave to England, and his voluntary retirement from his Majesty's Army was notified in the *Gazette* of yesterday.

When the Colonel is in the mess it would be a brave man indeed who would dare to mention the word "cobra" in his hearing!

THE END.

A CONCERTO IN B SHARP.



THE SPOKESMAN OF THE FAMILY (*to their singing parent*): Music's all very well in its way, Dad,
but what about our worms?

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

FOR SALE

A RHAPSODY IN B NATURAL.



THE PHILISTINE: What's it called?

THE ARTIST: The "Old Song."

THE PHILISTINE: Why not the "Nu-ditty"?

DRAWN BY VERA WILLOUGHBY.



ON THE LINKS

MISS CECIL LEITCH AND THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: A RECORD ENTRY FOR HUNSTANTON.

The Ladies' Championship.

And so the ladies have beaten records once again. It is their custom so to do. A few days since they were showing how much they have gained in skill since last they played at Ranelagh, and Miss Cecil Leitch has demonstrated thus early at the beginning of the season that she is in quite her best form, and that, save for a little slackness here and there, and especially in the short game—as is not only frequent with the best golfers, but seems to have become a positive characteristic with them, especially at the beginning of a new season's campaign—she is just the same great power in ladies' golf she has always been almost ever since she first appeared in a championship with her hair hanging down her back. As I watched her at Sandy Lodge the other day, there seemed to be even more strength and power in her game than before, and her style is undergoing some slight modifications—in all probability made quite unconsciously, as such changes nearly always are made in the case of first-class players. It is the effluxion of time and the assertion of natural self that do it. In the case of Miss Leitch it seems to me that she has a way of reaching forward at the finish of her swing with wooden clubs, coming as the result of the desire to get the whole body into the stroke, that is more developed now. Miss Ravenscroft is immensely powerful, but she has not the same good style or variety of stroke, and Miss Dodd has not the power; but both these players have really had better chances than she has in past championships, simply because their own merits did not seem to make it so overwhelmingly necessary they should win, and thus give them such a feeling of responsibility. It is really nonsense that

Miss Leitch does not win the Ladies' Championship, and despite the reports about the great form of some other lady players, especially the two who have just come back over the Atlantic water, one really can do nothing else than make her favourite again for the championship at Hunstanton next week; and if she fails, we shall have to wait another year, that is all. She will certainly win the championship when she does not worry about doing so.

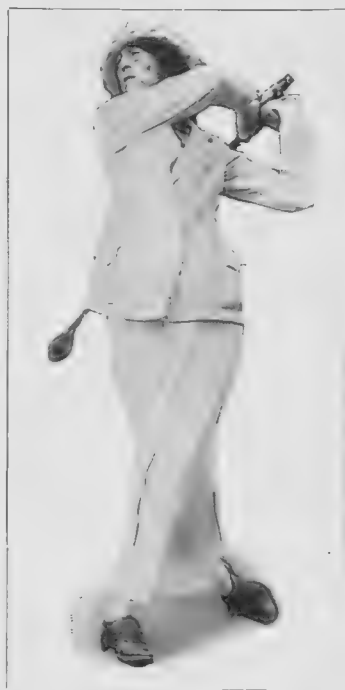
The Quality of Hunstanton. Where the ladies have beaten records, as I suggested at the opening of this discourse they had been doing, is not only in the scores that some of them have been making, but in the number of entries that have been received for next week's championship. The coming-of-age meeting at St. Anne's last year was a most popular one for many obvious reasons; but it was always probable that the record for number of competitors would be reached this year, chiefly because golf is booming, and is being boomed just now as never before since the war began, and ladies' golf is having its great time along

with golf in general. Also it was obvious that Hunstanton would be a very popular course, because it is a very pleasant seaside place and belongs to the Central England area, thus being convenient for competitors from all parts. When the championship is high up in Scotland, the South of England entry—a very important factor—necessarily suffers; and when it is in the South of England the Scottish ladies generally think twice before they bang their husbands' and fathers' saxes on so much travelling. Hunstanton is good in nearly every way, and the course there, if not absolutely a championship course from the high-class male point of view, is very good. It is the real thing, with wild sandhills and great big yawning bunkers bespattered with bent, and various other legitimate horrors, in great profusion. I like it specially because there are no villas or rows of houses in the immediate vicinity. The sweet naturalness of any seaside golf-course is ruined by the encroachment of the builders. And so there are 166 entries for the Ladies' Championship this year, against the previous best of 148.

The Badness of a Good Draw.

The draw that has been made is an interesting one, and it is remarkably fair, as draws not always are. It seems that there are one, two, three, four, five members of the Leitch family engaged in the tournament, and Miss May Leitch must be regarded as one of the next best favourites to her sister. Miss E. Grant Suttie, once a winner, comes back to the competition for another try after it had seemed she would never play in it again. The best players are clear of each other in the draw, and, barring accidents, nothing very terrible should happen until the later stages of the competition are reached. That is what people call a

good draw, and here I have followed their example; but I am not quite sure about the merits of the thing after all. A little hot excitement at the start is good for everybody, and the good draw is only another name for the dull draw. Besides, if in the course of the working out of this good draw the best players are nobbled in their passage by the poor ones, where is the good draw then? One of the minor speculations at a time like this is always about the chances of the married ladies. Only once has one of the class won the championship; generally they are snuffed out rather badly some way before the final. It may be so again, but they (the matrons) are a formidable lot this year, and such as Mrs. Lionel Jackson and Mrs. Cautley are playing such golf in these times as makes the girls to think. Well, let us go and see them, and so begin this championship season, which bids fair to be one of the most interesting in the history of the great game.—HENRY LEACH.



VEILED—AND SPOTTILY VEILED AT THAT! MISS SETON-KARR, AT THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

Photograph by Topical.



WIFE OF THE CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP: MRS. PERCY ILLINGWORTH, AT THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

The wedding of Miss May Coats, daughter of the late George Coats, of Staneley, Paisley, and Mr. Percy Holden Illingworth took place in 1907. Mr. and Mrs. Illingworth have three sons.

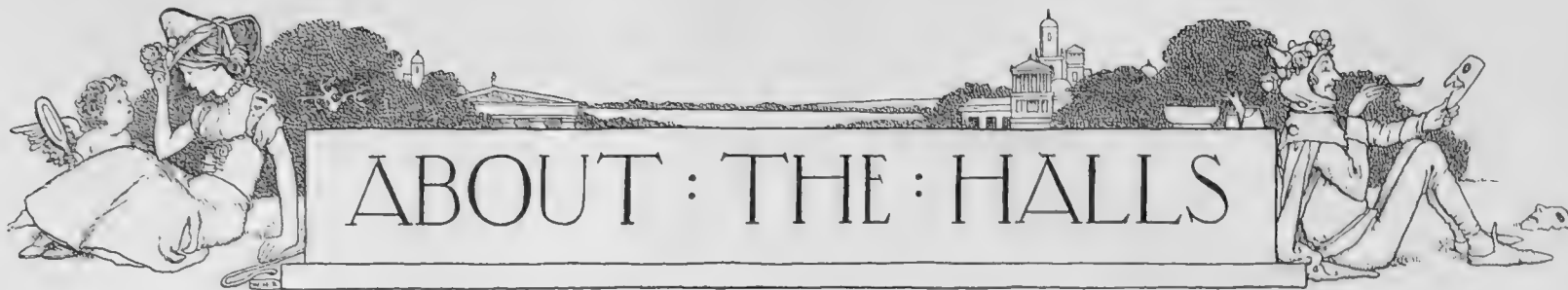
Photograph by Sport and General.



WIFE OF THE HOME SECRETARY: MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA, RUNNER-UP IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

The wedding of Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, and Mr. Reginald McKenna took place in 1908. Mrs. McKenna was beaten in the final of the tournament by Miss K. E. Maude.

Photograph by L.N.A.



FLAMES AT THE PALLADIUM, FUN AT THE HIPPODROME, AND MELODY AT THE OXFORD.

THE Palladium produced a truly wonderful turn last week which sent perceptible thrills through the huge audience which filled the building. It is called "The Forest Fire," and is presented by the Bidwell Producing Company. It is portrayed in four scenes, the first of which is the Telephone Station at Seven Oaks, a town situated in the heart of the forest. Here we have Dave Bradwin in command, surrounded by operators, and to him enters his brother, an escaped convict with the police upon his track. We are also introduced to Brick Murphy, "a Waif of the Wilderness," who is engaged as an assistant. After a good deal of conversation, in which we are led to see that the official brother is in reality the guilty party, and much levelling of pistols, we are gradually taught that the convict is in love with the chief operator, and that the new employee is also on his side. Then commences a terrible commotion on the telephones. A red light begins to adorn the scenery, and everybody escapes with the exception of the operator, who sticks to her post with strenuous energy. The scene then changes to the railway junction, where the police officer who has arrested Judd Bradwin is induced, after much persuasion, to liberate his man, who is the only person available to drive the train and rescue the threatened inhabitants. And, lastly, we get the great scene. In the heart of the forest great trees are crashing down, huge volumes of smoke and flames assail the eye, and in the end there enters the train which is to save the situation. All this is very well done, and at its conclusion the audience rises from its seat and flies in an agitated condition into the open air and clears its lungs of the smoke which has filled them, having given lusty cheers for the show. Mr. Langdon McCormick's spectacle is capitally put upon the stage, and the parts are very well played, Mr. Frank E. Pentley being eminently successful as the good brother, and Mr. J. Cleveland being quite satisfactory as the wicked one. Miss Sylvia Bidwell was excellent as the telephone lady; while her assistant spoke with a Transatlantic accent which was good to hear. "The Forest Fire" may be accounted a big success.

A Second Edition. On Wednesday afternoon last I found a fine audience at the Hippodrome hailing the second edition of the revue with all the fervour which was bestowed upon the first. "Hullo, Tango!" has been a success from its start, and it may safely be prophesied that it has yet a long career before it. The cast includes a variety of names well known to the world of entertainment, and the authors, Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Albert P. de Courville, have amply supplied them with means of

displaying their several talents. As in the case of Miss Elsie Janis at the Palace Theatre, the company is indebted to the United States for its leading lady, and it may safely be said that in Miss Ethel Levey the Hippodrome possesses one whose attractions are particularly hard to beat. An eminently successful artist in burlesque, a curiously attractive singer, and a dancer of immense verve, she still continues to delight audiences by her skill and versatility; whilst Miss Shirley Kellogg at intervals brightens the proceedings by her songs and dances. Then there is Mr. Harry Tate, who, accompanied by his caddie, never fails to extract roars of laughter by his golfing misfortunes, and who puts in a very effective piece of work in depicting the martial excitement of a Chelsea Pensioner who is spurred to fury by the sound of military music. There is

also Mr. Morris Harvey, who extracts a lot of fun from his part, particularly in his interpretation of the book-keeper of the Fourteen Hundred Club, wherein he is simply immense. There are plenty of other clever people in the company, including Mr. O. P. Heggie, who takes the part of the husband in Sir J. M. Barrie's delightful little burlesque entitled "A Slice of Life," which still remains in the programme; and Mr. Gerald Kirby, who, as Lord Piccadilly, generally enlivens the show whenever he is on. The music is still largely of the rag-time order, but the audience shows no desire for aught else, and the piece may be expected to bring crowds to the Hippodrome for a long time to come.

Up in Holborn. The other evening I found the Holborn Empire crowded with an audience which was obviously enjoying itself very much indeed. There was plenty of entertainment, from George Robey to Bertram Banks, an excellent imitator of children with an entertaining sketch; and from Maidie Scott (who elicited great applause by her singing) to Coram, the military ventriloquist and his new recruit "Jerry," who evoked continual laughter.

But perhaps the turn that aroused the greatest enthusiasm was that provided by Olga, Elgar, and Eli Hudson. There are really four of these gifted performers, but the name of one is left unpublished, which seems slightly unfair, as they are all so good. Equipped with a variety of musical instruments, they give forth music of the classical order in first-class style, and in such a way as to hold a music-hall audience from start to finish. The lady, presumably Olga, sings very well indeed, and sings good things; while Eli and the two girls instrumentalise in fine fashion. And they have their reward, for the house is hushed from the start, and at the conclusion of their performance is obviously unsatisfied, and shows itself, by the volume of its applause, distinctly anxious to hear more of them.—ROVER.



"BURKED" BY A MAGISTRATE AS TOO YOUNG TO ACT AFTER TEN! MISS PHYLLIS BOURKE, THE CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS WHO COULD NOT APPEAR IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE MOB" IN LONDON.

A slightly awkward situation arose in connection with the London production of Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Mob" when, at Westminster Police Court, Mr. Horace Smith refused to license the ten-year-old Miss Phyllis Bourke, a clever little actress, who was wanted for a scene timed for 10.15. Miss Bourke was duly licensed for the Manchester production up to eleven o'clock. In view of the magistrate's action, Miss Bourke did not appear in the last act of the play. Curiously enough, Mr. Galsworthy is one of those engaged in promoting an amendment to the new Bill affecting children on the stage. This, drafted by Mr. Galsworthy, suggests that a license once granted for a child to appear on the stage should be operative in every town or district alike—a very reasonable idea and necessary if managers touring are to know "where they are." Miss Bourke played Olive More in "The Mob."—[Photograph by Hoppé.]

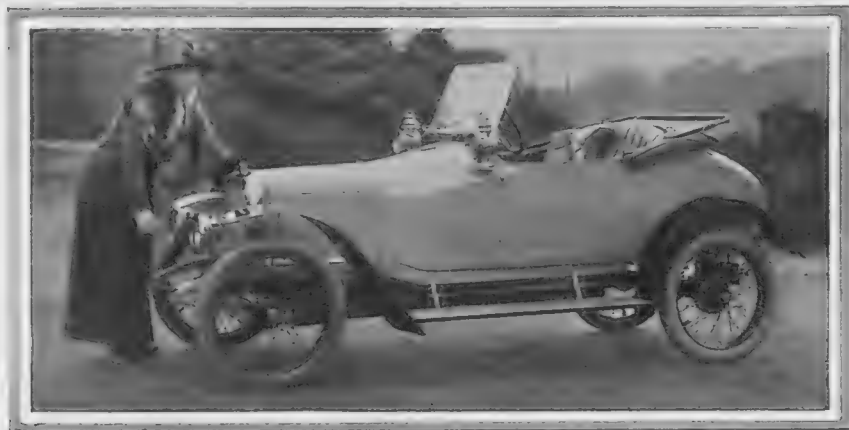


THE ORDEAL OF THE LIGHT CARS: ROUTES AND CONDITIONS: CAR COLOURS AT BROOKLANDS.

The Light Car Reliability Trial.

By the time these lines appear the three dozen competitors in the Royal Automobile Club's Reliability Trial for Light Cars will be embarked upon their cruise among the hills and dales of Yorkshire, for the most part, with a corner of Westmorland thrown in. So far as distance is concerned, the trial is not without some measure of severity, especially when the fact is borne in mind that the competing vehicles range from 6 h.p. to 12 h.p. only. Within six days

Twenty minutes is allowed at the end of each day's journey for replenishments of petrol, oil, water, and grease. These are the sole attentions allowed without penalty, and any car, therefore, which comes through the thousand-odd miles with a non-stop record may be regarded as fully adequate for the purpose of ordinary touring. The private owner, of course, does not mind giving more attention to his car than is permitted in the trial, but fulfilment of the conditions imposed in the latter will assure him that the successful cars are not such as will give a lot of trouble in everyday use. It may be added, as indicating the type of car engaged, that the maximum weight is limited to 13 cwt. 1 qr. 16 lb., and the engine-dimensions to 1400 c.c.



A CAPITAL CAR: A NEW 9-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER MORGAN-ADLER CARETTE.

This car was recently supplied by Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of 10, Old Bond Street, and 127, Long Acre.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

they have to cover 1010½ miles; and, as the final run is short, the average of the first five days is considerable. The arrangement of the routes shows a departure from the plan adopted on the last occasion on which a small car trial was held, no less than ten years ago; for, while it is true that the present trial consists of two non-stop runs per day, they are practically six single runs, as the luncheon halt is in each case a long way out from Harrogate, whereas in 1904 the cars ran in and out of Hereford as a centre twice every day.

Routes and Conditions.

Monday's run was planned by way of Thirsk and Pickering, then on to Whitby and Saltburn for lunch, returning through Stokesley to Harrogate, a distance of 175 miles. A still longer run was designed for Tuesday—namely, one of 187½ miles through York and Bridlington for Scarborough, "the Brighton of the North," the journey being continued after lunch to Whitby, Pickering, and back through York. To-day (Wednesday) the cars will strike north-west to Appleby, and there turn round for the luncheon halt at Kirkby Stephen, whence they will proceed through Leyburn, and from there double their outward tracks, the total for the day being 164½ miles. Another westward run will be taken to-morrow through Pateley Bridge and Hellfield to Settle, and thence to Hawes, Aysgarth, and back through Otley (175½ miles). Half a mile longer is the fifth day's run, where Settle will again be the halting-place for lunch, but is to be reached by way of Saltaire and Colne, the return being through Hellfield and Boroughbridge. Finally, on Saturday the cars will run out to Scarborough, through Thirsk and Pickering, returning by way of New Malton and York. It is on this day's run that the fuel-consumption test will be made, but there will also be two timed hill-climbs every day, without compulsory stoppages at the foot of each ascent.

A Touring Terror. As for the hill-climbing generally, no effort has been made to secure anything of the freakish order by picking out some bye-lane with a short but affrighting climb of the Cudham Church Hill type in Kent. It is claimed, in fact, that the cars will be asked to do nothing but what they would be expected to cope with in ordinary touring; nevertheless the chosen routes will twice embrace the notorious Sutton Bank, which is on a main road, it is true, but has gradients of a decidedly testing order; there is a short section, indeed, of 1 in 3'9. The running rules permit five minutes at each of the twelve starts for setting the engine going, and it may be noted that the injection of petrol through the half-compression taps is not permitted.

Whitsuntide at Brooklands.

The Bank Holiday meeting at Brooklands on Whit Monday will witness the introduction of a couple of novelties. In the first place, it has been decided to afford the spectators a chance of recognising the competing vehicles other than by their numbers, which are none too distinguishable at high speeds. It is true that there has been a regulation in force for several years by which drivers should register their colours in the same way as do jockeys elsewhere; but since racing cars came to be fitted with the enclosed type of wind-cutting body peculiar to Brooklands as against the bare chassis and sugar-box seat of former days, the drivers themselves have been all but invisible. In future, therefore, the colours of the car will be registered, instead of those of the men who handle them. Competitors will be allowed the option of using two-colour schemes, if they choose, instead of a uniform shade. The other novelty takes the shape of a handicap race of 5½ miles for light cars and cycle-cars. Before the Whitsun meeting comes about, the public will have gauged pretty effectually the capabilities of the small car upon the road, but the race in question will form a useful supplement to the Reliability Trial and show what this type of vehicle can accomplish in the way of pure speed upon the track.



TAKING A PATH EASIER THAN THE ROAD! AN EXTRA STRONG COLONIAL NAPIER BETWEEN BUENOS AYRES AND BAHIA BLANCA.

This photograph illustrates well the difficulties with which the motorist has to contend in certain districts of South America; and it may be noted that the correspondent who forwarded it to this country describes the spot shown as one of the easiest of those he had to traverse during his journey. It is noteworthy that in some parts of South America the shallow river-beds are frequently better "roads" for the motorist than the roads proper.



LORD Charles Beresford is irrepressible. Nothing reconciles or will reconcile him to the First Lord. Though he knows that both Winston and the House are acquainted with his antagonisms, he never resists the temptation of having his shot. But when he lets fire on the ground that Winston, being a war-correspondent, must necessarily have made a poor officer, he hardly does justice to the guile of his enemy. Winston was able to join the Malakand Field Force upon no other pretext. Having found that he could not go out as a cavalry officer, he got leave, visited Fleet Street, and bobbed up at the front with a fountain-pen and a revolver instead of a sword.

"Winnie" the Winner.

Though it strikes Lord Charles that the average war correspondent makes a poor soldier, and that it is equally probable that the average soldier makes a poor correspondent, the facts, however you take them, are not against Winston. As an officer in the 4th Hussars he could not get into action; but as "one of those disconsolate young gentlemen endeavouring to fight their country's battles disguised as journalists" he was permitted to join the 31st Punjaub Infantry, and was mentioned in despatches: "Lieutenant W. L. S. Churchill, the correspondent of the *Pioneer* newspaper with the force, who made himself useful at a critical moment." Then came the Tirah Expedition, an adventure with the American forces in Cuba, an adventure on the Nile, the South African War, and the shot in the leg at Smyrna. Yet

The Sargent Lady. If there is any streak of weakness in the original of the Sargent portrait, her pretty head must have been turned by the open envy of a little crowd of women at the Private View. Mr. Sargent was excused when he broke his no-portrait rule in favour of his old friend Henry James, but there was a sort of solemn understanding that he would not break it for one feminine sitter unless he broke it for a dozen. Even the consolation of a charcoal drawing has been denied of late to any but the artist's closest friends; but the disappointment of being ruled out of the Sargentine republic was softened by the thought that the exclusion was general. The "Lady Rocksavage" has raised a little storm, and brought another batch of imploring Countesses to the knees of the inexorable master.

A Good Reason. Lady Rocksavage, until last year, was Miss Sybil Sassoon. Members of her father's family have more than once inspired Mr. Sargent, but it was not for old association's sake that she was favoured with sittings. Mr. Sargent is unmoved by price; he is unmoved by the glory of the

Cholmondeleys, Joint Lord Great Chamberlains to the King; he is entirely unmoved by Lord Rocksavage's prowess in the polo-field. What did move him was the knowledge that Lady Rocksavage would make the most exquisite of pictures. Lord Rocksavage is, of course, the Marquess of Cholmondeley's elder son and heir.



A WHITELAW-RUSSELL WEDDING GROUP: BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, BEST MAN, AND TRAIN-BEARERS.

In front (from left to right) are Miss Evelyn Whitelaw (train-bearer), the Bride, Master Ian Cunninghame (train-bearer), and Miss Iris Whitelaw. In the second row are the Hon. Maud Baillie, Mr. Robert Whitelaw (best man), Miss Iris Baillie, Miss Russell of Aden, the Bridegroom, Miss Rhona Lloyd-Mostyn, and Miss Rhoda Whitelaw.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



THE WEDDING OF MISS WINIFRED RUSSELL AND MR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER WHITELAW: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

The bride is a daughter of the late Major-General Frank S. Russell, C.M.G., and Mrs. Russell, for many years Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany. Mr. Whitelaw is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Whitelaw, of Monklands, Nairn.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE WEDDING OF MISS FAY ZARIFI AND THE HON. CLAUD YORKE: THE BRIDE LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

The bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Zarifi, of 38, Park Street. The bridegroom is the third son of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and brother of the present Peer.

Photograph by Topical.



THE WEDDING OF MISS GWYNNYDD COLLETON AND CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH THELLUSSON: LORD RENDLESHAM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Captain Thellusson is the brother of Lord Rendlesham, and is in the Royal Artillery. Mrs. Thellusson is the daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Robert and Lady Colleton.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Lord Charles insists on treating the First Lord as a schoolboy out of bounds; he pooh-poohs the soldiering on the one hand, and has no patience with the Stevensonian ring of the journalism on the other.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Painters that Bloom in the Spring.

It ought to be a penal offence for Londoners to paint their houses just when you begin to breakfast with open windows, and when even the dingy squares put on youthful green raiment and burst out with bouquets of lilac. This is the moment when the town is in its most affable mood, when delicious odours of growing things are in the air, and when one wishes to throw open all one's windows and let the breath of heaven in. But what is the result? Next door—if you live, like most Londoners, in a terrace or block of houses—the painters, good men, perilously perched on ladders, are cheerily whistling the latest music-hall song, and making, incidentally, the most penetrating and pestilential smell with buckets of white paint. And why, indeed, should they not be cheerful? This is the house-painters' all-too-brief Season, for not before Easter, nor yet later than Whitsuntide, does the Londoner "have in" the decorators.



A DAINY EVENING DRESS.

The dress is made of black charmeuse, with the corsage and long wired tunic of night-blue chiffon. The sash is made of soft silk, flowered in yellow, black, and old gold.

really sound sleep, a head appears over your balcony, announcing lyrically the totally fallacious statement, "You made me love you." This is the last straw, and you wonder if you really live in a so-called civilised State.

Do Women Like High Tea?

There is a favourite theory, always being resuscitated, that women of all classes, including Duchesses and washerwomen, dislike wholesome, nourishing food, and would liefer exist on currant-buns and tea. Now I fancy that this extraordinary idea arose primarily from the fact that most of the women in the industrial classes are very poorly paid, and cannot afford the meat and beer which the navvy and the miner consume in such generous proportions. So they fall back on tea, which is cheering, and on bread-stuffs, which are satisfying if not muscle-forming. Among women of the upper classes, unless vegetarianism has been taken up either for health or as a fad, I find a good deal of discrimination on the subject of food. Ladies, on the whole, have sound ideas on ordering a little dinner, and I do not know of any—unless such exist in "genteel" suburbs—who willingly sit down to a "tray" at the hour when sensible and civilised

folk are dining. The importance of food, in these strenuous and exhausting times, is fully recognised, even by spinsters, widows, and school-girls.

The Revival of the Mid-Victorian.

That transition period, the late mid-Victorian, which Du Maurier illustrated to such perfection in *Punch*, and which was humorously depicted in the second act of "Milestones," is once more to influence moods and modes. Already we have the Dolly Vardon hat, the frock bunched up at the back, and the voluminous cape. We are re-acquiring a taste for mild Robertsonian comedy, and a certain amount of demureness is expected from well-bred girls. This is the period which William de Morgan has made his own for the purposes of fiction, and in it he depicts the large, kindly, dowdy professional middle-class, who run in and out of each others' houses, stop to dinner, and go to the seaside (in England, not Belgium or Brittany) for six weeks every summer. It was a kindly, sociable period—much more so than the present age, when people live in flats, do not entertain at home, and are not to be found from Friday night till Monday morning. But the women-folk were held in bondage in a way that seems incredible nowadays. So many things were "not quite nice." That a well-brought-up Young Person should write the most innocent and necessary letter to a man at his club was held to be a high crime and misdemeanour. This, in an age of incessant telephoning, and "calling up" male creatures in their various fastnesses of office, chambers, or clubs, sounds incredible. Even if dress-improvers come in, and "follow-me-lad" ribbons stream from hats, we shall never go back to the curious social shibboleths of the 'eighties of the last century.

Royalty Then and Now.

We have become so democratic, so friendly, and so casual nowadays that we have even democratised the most exalted Personages in the land. Some of us can remember when Queen Victoria was never alluded to—especially by elderly aunts—except as "Her Majesty"; the late King Edward—then Prince of Wales, and leader of a very gay set—was spoken of, colloquially, as "H.R.H."; "His Royal Highness" and "Her Royal Highness" were always printed before the names of members of our reigning family. Yet, as the British Empire waxed and flourished and became the amazing conglomeration of States and Dominions it now is, Royalty, like the Peerage, began to lose some of the awe and glamour which used to encircle it, and presently we began to talk of "the King and Queen" without any "Majesties," and to print the names of Royal Princesses without any formidable initials in front. And the popularity of King George and Queen Mary is such that any harking back to symbols of solitariness and splendour is now unthinkable. The King is a kindly man who goes to football matches and reviews Boy Scouts; the Queen is known everywhere as an ideal mother, a "great lady," and a real philanthropist, as well as sharing our present craze for old furniture and "petit point" embroideries. In short, they are not remote and haughty beings attired in purple and ermine, but admirable representatives of what is best in modern life.



IN SATIN AND CHIFFON.

This toilette is carried out in pale-blue satin. The pink-chiffon bodice is veiled with coffee-coloured lace, and has a bronze rose tucked into a wide belt of blue satin.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 13.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

WE dealt with the attractions of Canadian Pacifics a fortnight ago, and, unfortunately, since then there has been a further marked decline in the quotation, and the "bears" still declare that the bottom has not yet been touched. Such a possibility must be admitted while present market conditions exist, but we consider that these shares are very much undervalued on their intrinsic merits—and merit is the only safe guide in the long run.

The Government's scheme for the reorganisation of the Canadian Northern's finances is undoubtedly a good one for the Company, although we don't imagine that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann are feeling very happy. The details show very clearly how dire is the need for further money, and no one can suggest that the price exacted by the Government for a guarantee on 45,000,000 dollars of Bonds is other than pretty stiff. However, Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann have, no doubt, made the best terms they could get for themselves, and they are the people who are paying. The position of holders of all the existing Bonds of the Company is clearly very much improved. The new Bonds will rank after all the existing ones, including the Convertible Income Debenture stock, and, incidentally, it is mentioned that no more of this latter stock is to be issued. The Government will own 40,000,000 dollars stock out of a total of 100,000,000 dollars, which is to be the amount issued in the new consolidated undertaking; and they have, in addition, powers to assume entire control should any default occur.

The meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway on Wednesday did little to encourage any "bullish" sentiment with regard to this Company's stocks—in fact, both the Ordinary and Third Preference were subsequently sold. Mr. Smithers' speech dealt chiefly with the developments taking place in the new sections of the Company's line, and he clearly stated that he regarded the recent compulsory reduction of freight rates as a serious matter for his Company. The money for these extensions was found in the belief that a fair return could be expected under rates then existing, and it is certainly rather hard that such rates should be arbitrarily reduced before their justice has even been tested. The question of the terms upon which the Grand Trunk Pacific system will be taken over still remains unsolved. In answer to questions, Mr. Smithers explained that negotiations with the Government were still incomplete, and that arrangements might be considerably modified. Altogether, the amount of information afforded was disappointing.

UNITED STATES STEEL.

When writing of the affairs of this Corporation in the middle of February, we expressed the opinion that there was very little prospect of any improvement during the first quarter of the current year. Unfortunately, our view has turned out to be quite correct, and the figures which have just been published make a very poor showing. The earnings for the quarter ended March 31, after payment of operating charges, etc., amounted to 17,994,000 dollars, which is just about half the amount earned in the corresponding period of 1913, and compares with 23,036,000 dollars in the last quarter. After deduction of various sums for depreciation, extraordinary replacements, and Bond interest, the net revenue amounted to only 5,369,000 dollars. Of this sum, all but 146,800 dollars is absorbed by the payment of the dividend on the Preference shares. In spite of this, however, the directors have decided to pay the usual quarterly dividend on the Common shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which will leave a deficit of 6,289,000 dollars on the three months' working.

Since the directors have decided to pay this dividend although it had not been earned, it is to be presumed that they are satisfied with the outlook, but it is common knowledge that trade is far from brisk in the United States at the moment. It is true that the unfilled orders in hand show a slight improvement at 4,654,000 tons, but this total is considerably below the normal.

Probably the results during the current quarter will show a little improvement over the figures now announced, but we can see no reason to anticipate any marked recovery in the near future.

OILS.

The Oil Market has again been one of the most active in the Stock Exchange, but it has been the shares of the Egyptian Companies which have received the bulk of the attention during the last week. These shares, in common with the rest of the Oil Market, have been advancing for some time, and in the early part of last week there appeared every prospect of a miniature boom. Then, however, came the cable on Thursday from the Anglo-Egyptian Company's property at Gensah indicating an influx of water in Well No. 13. This led to a great deal of selling, and a sensational drop in values. As far as we can ascertain, however, the experts do not regard the trouble as very serious, except in so far as it means delay; on the information at present available, the fault appears to lie with the engineering rather than the geological arrangements,

and can therefore be remedied. Fuller details must, however, be awaited before a definite opinion can be expressed.

The announcement of the final dividend of 2s. on North Caucasian shares was only made after business hours on Thursday, and so members had May-day to think it over. Regular readers of these columns can hardly be surprised that the distribution failed to come up to the most optimistic expectation, as we have often expressed the opinion that such would be the case. The report will, we think, make a very much better impression than the dividend, so we do not advise genuine holders to sell until after that document has made its appearance.

British Borneo Petroleum Syndicate shares keep very quiet—largely, we believe, because the people behind this concern are more interested in the properties than the market. This is a somewhat unusual state of affairs for an Oil Company, and in our opinion adds considerably to the attraction of the shares as a speculation. It naturally means that there will be fewer "fireworks" in the market, but, as development proceeds, we have little doubt the shares will advance.

EGYPTIAN MARKETS.

Egyptian Markets, which owed its inception to the late Mr. Orris, has had a somewhat eventful career. Gradual progress has been made, and a good business built up. In 1912 there was a slight falling-off in the profits, and the results for 1913 are practically identical, the profits amounting on both occasions to £28,800. The Ordinary shareholders again get 10 per cent., although the distribution on the Deferred shares is reduced. Both the number of markets and the average weekly receipts per market show an increase.

Egypt is gradually recovering from the crisis, and cotton crops have been good. The shares we look upon as a promising speculation, especially in view of the establishment of a sinking fund to pay off both shares and Debentures at the expiration of the concession. The 5 per cent. Debentures are, of course, a very fine investment, but rather less than £60,000 is now outstanding, so the market is somewhat cramped.

CITY OF SANTOS IMPROVEMENT.

This Company continues to progress, and although Public Utilities are generally out of favour, we think an exception may be made in this case. The net earnings in 1911 were £64,600, in 1912 they increased to £87,300, and last year they took a further jump to £98,600. Debenture interest and sinking fund absorbed only £22,700, and the dividend on the Preference capital £12,000. £10,000 goes to reserve, £8000 to tramways renewal fund, and the Ordinary shares again receive a dividend of 7½ per cent.

The Gasworks, as before, appear to make but little headway, but both the Tramways and the Electric-Light business exhibit further expansion. The report is curiously reticent on the subject of depreciation, and this appears to be the only direction in which criticism is possible.

The directors now propose to increase the Ordinary capital by £100,000, and we see no reason to doubt the profitable employment of this money. The Debentures we consider excellent investments to yield just over 5 per cent., while both classes of shares are attractive South American investments.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

The report of the Bisichi Tin Company should go some way towards stimulating interest in Nigerian Tin shares. The 8 per cent. dividend which is now recommended compares with a maiden distribution of 5 per cent. last year, and the whole tenor of the report is encouraging: 370 tons of concentrates were recovered during last year at an all-in cost of about £87 per ton, and a net profit of £15,910 earned. The manager estimates about 2350 tons of proved and 1950 tons of probable ore on the property, and it is possible that other portions of the Company's land will prove to contain payable tin. This is quite good, but it seems a pity to divide the profits so closely instead of strengthening the Company's position.

There are many attractive investments available at the present moment for those lucky enough to have some spare cash, but few, we venture to think, are cheaper than the three-year 5 per cent. Secured Sterling Notes of the Kansas City Terminal Railway Company. These Notes, of which there are £1,000,000 outstanding, are secured by the deposit of 6,660,000 dollars 4 per cent. First Mortgage Gold Bonds, and carry the guarantee both as to principal and interest of twelve of the principal railways in the United States. The Notes are repayable in July 1916 at par, or previously, under certain conditions, at 101. We have drawn attention to this issue on one or two previous occasions, but as the Notes can still be purchased at a shade over par, we unhesitatingly recommend them again.

We still think very well of International Railways of Central America junior issue as "speculative lock-ups." The Company did pretty well during 1913, its net revenue balance at 1,368,500 dollars showing an advance of 124,600 dollars, and, after payment of Debenture interest and 5 per cent. on the Preferred shares, there remained a surplus of 241,000 dollars. For the first two months of the current year traffics show a marked increase, and we think a careful study of

[Continued on page 160]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Latest.

A tall, stender, very pretty and fascinating young lady wore, at a recent smart steeplechase meeting, a pair of guipure lace spats over a pair of doeskin and patent-leather shoes. The spats were bound with white silk; they were well cut and fitted neatly, and the feet were small and well shaped. A dark-blue summer cloth dress was worn, and the effect was quite smart. White lace spats worn under less advantageous circumstances promise such appalling things that I hope the fashion will remain severely exclusive.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. E. SOLLY-FLOOD: MISS MARGUERITE ELIZABETH CONNELLAN.

Photograph by Poole.

have in progress this week an exhibition of everything in connection with a wedding ceremony—bride's dress, veil, flowers, gloves, bridesmaids' dresses, and addenda, gifts from the bridegroom, motor-car hire, catering cake, everything; bridal processions are arranged, and many hints may be gleaned and useful knowledge gained. Everything is complete, except the bridegroom: on this occasion there are mannequins, but no man. Another most interesting exhibition at Harrods is one of pottery, in the china department. It includes services for the table and bedrooms made exclusively for Harrods by the Royal Copeland, Royal Cauldon, Royal Minton, Royal Worcester, Royal Crown Derby, Wedgwood, Silicon, Losol, and Adderleys. These services can be obtained nowhere else. At the same time services by these great firms are included in the exhibitions which prove that owners of most modest establishments can have pretty and artistic china at quite moderate expenditure. A feature of the show is cut-glass, by the best English makers, in services and ornamental pieces, including remarkable reproductions of antique sets and pieces. With these two shows going on there is a flow of traffic, more even than usual, in the direction of Harrods.

The Summer Drink. Although the year is young, the weather makes us long for refreshing beverages. Of these there are none like Bulmer's Cider. It is made in the heart of the best apple country, and the extent to which the beverage has recommended itself to the people is proved by the fact that in their Hereford cellars are a million and a-half bottles of champagne cider, and leviathan vats of from 10,000 to 60,000 gallons—the largest in the world. It has been proved beyond question of doubt that there is no more hygienic drink than cider, when well made, as Bulmer's is.

Oh! the Tap of the Ladies' Shoon. Our feet are now quite as important, from a dress point of view, as our heads. Many of us are very sensible and see the importance of durable and wet-resisting shoes, and are yet, woman-like, anxious to have them neat and dainty and stylish, when they are so much in evidence. Norvic shoes combine the practical and the elegant, as can be seen by a dainty brochure, entitled "My Lady's Shoes."

A copy will be sent to anyone who applies to the Norvic Shoe Company, Norwich.

British and Best. In these days of wedding-presents, we all want to give what is good and useful. Mordan's silver and gold things are British and best. They can be obtained through the principal jewellers, stationers, and fancy dealers throughout the world. The illustrated catalogue of the firm is well worth having: a card to S. Mordan and Co., 41, City Road, E.C., will secure one. Every useful invention is considered and produced, if practicable. The number of pencil-cases is a liberal education in ingenuity; cigar-cutters and piercers, sovereign-purses, card-cases, and purses for our own sex, fountain-pen carriers—all kinds of useful and good



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGUERITE ELIZABETH CONNELLAN: CAPTAIN R. E. SOLLY-FLOOD.

Miss Connellan is the only daughter of Major Connellan, D.L., of Coolmore, County Kilkenny. Captain Solly-Flood is in the Rifle Brigade.—[Photograph by Poole.]



LADY NEWBOROUGH ABOUT TOWN: WALKING IN THE PARK.

Lady Newborough, whose husband is the fourth Baron, was Miss Grace Bruce Carr. She is a daughter of the late Colonel Henry Montgomery Carr. Her marriage took place in 1900.

Photograph by Topical.



ENGAGED TO MR. TATTON BOTFIELD BARDWELL: MISS MARY MARGARET CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the younger daughter of the late Captain Campbell and of Mrs. Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, Fanans, Taynuilt, Argyll. Mr. Bardwell is the second son of Mr. T. N. F. Bardwell, Deputy-Lieutenant and a J.P. for the East Riding, of Bolton Hall, Wilberfoss, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Sarony.

things for gifts are shown in this handy book, and Mordan is another name for good.

Temptations Can be charming; Eve doubtless said more about the attractions of that apple than history relates. To us womenkind, Eveleen is supplying new and most alluring temptations at her original and beautiful new salons at 29, Conduit Street. They are only to buy delightful dresses, and addenda of dress; so we like them much. Very, very clever is Eveleen: her first room strikes a note that gives confidence—a carpet of surpassing rich and restful blueness on the floor; settee, chairs and walls black; cushions of many shapes touched with pink or russet or rose, but only enough to relieve, not to startle; ceiling and frieze ivory-white; black electric lamp-shades, fringed with crystal and touched with rose; but the chief light from a crystal electrolier set like a sun half-sunken in the



UNAFFECTED BY THE CARES OF HOME RULE: MASTER ANTHONY ASQUITH (SECOND FROM LEFT), WITH HIS MOTHER, ENGAGED IN MODEL AEROPLANE EXPERIMENTS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

While his father has been fighting the battle of Home Rule in Parliament, Master Anthony Asquith has been pursuing his experiments with model aeroplanes. The other day he was at Hendon and mounted a real aeroplane. But for the maternal veto he would, perhaps, have gone up in it.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

ivory ceiling. Here, and in a charming pink room, one can appreciate the original dresses designed by Madame. Original in the last murmur of the fashion; colour combined with the eye and taste of an artist, line considered with the acumen of an experienced dresser—what would you more? There is more—much more—that will appeal to anyone; take a friend's advice—go and see.

Continued from page 158.

this Railway's position would repay those who are prepared to face a reasonable risk in return for the probability of eventual capital appreciation.

The announcement of a 5 per cent. bonus in addition to the 10 per cent. dividend on the shares of the Lobitos Oilfield was well received by the market, but dealers were naturally angry at Liverpool getting the information four or five hours before it was known in London. This kind of carelessness is quite unnecessary, and we hope the directors will take steps to see that it doesn't happen again.

After one or two rather disappointing Nitrate dividends, that of the Anglo-Chilian Nitrate and Railway Company was especially welcome. Good results had been expected, but the announcement of a dividend of 20s. per share on both Preference and Ordinary resulted in a sharp spurt in the price of the shares. This distribution brings the total for the year up to 30 per cent., and compares with only 15 per cent. for 1912.

The circular just issued by Charron, Ltd., the motor-car manufacturers, certainly needs amplification. It was only about three months ago that the directors expressed their intention of paying quarterly dividends in the future. Shareholders have not as yet received a dividend, and it has now been decided to defer the question of further dividends until the results of the year's trading are known. The circular adds that this step has not been caused by any anxiety as to the Company's future. It is a bit mysterious on the face of it. If the directors have a reason, they might just as well have stated it; and if they're doing it for fun—!

The amalgamation between R. Waygood and Co. and the Otis Elevator Companies is not altogether unexpected, as negotiations have been in progress for a very long time. Not very much information is afforded in the circular by which the value of Otis shares can be estimated, but the directors of Waygood's have proved themselves pretty capable in the past, and we presume, therefore, that they are satisfied with the terms they have arranged. Shareholders should attend the meeting, however, before giving their consent.

In spite of bad times on the Stock Exchange, Benger's Food appears to have had an improved sale during 1913; but perhaps there have been more invalids! At all events, the net profits at

£59,500 were £6200 higher than for the previous year, and the dividend is increased from 10 per cent. to 11½ per cent.

We understand that many members of the House include these shares among their insurances!

Saturday, May 2, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Unless no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOGI.—(1) The dividend will be paid in August, and no change in the rate is likely. The shares seem to be worth holding, although any further advance is unlikely.

GREEN.—The shares are, of course, a speculation, and you should take a reasonable profit if you get a chance; but the people behind the Company are straight, and so you will get a fair run for your money.

X. Y. Z. (Surbiton).—(1) and (5) sell; the remainder are sound.

GEMMA.—City of Baku or City of Kieff, Chilian Annuities, or San Paulo Treasury Bonds should suit.

BECKWA.—Your list, on the whole, is quite a sound one; (9) and (10) are commercial propositions, and there is therefore more risk, but both are good of their class; (8) the position is a little uncertain here at the moment, but we are inclined to think a solution of the difficulties will be found.

F. C. D.—We are always glad to receive letters.

CURIOUS.—We have no means of learning the directors' plans. The shareholders have the right to insist that they have all information before anybody else.



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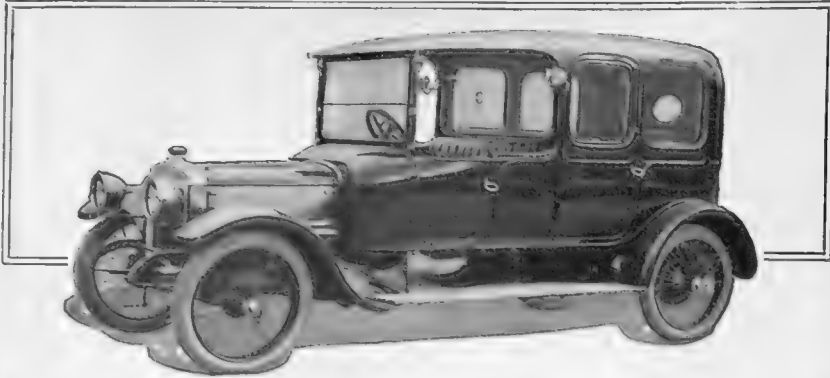
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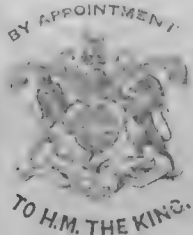
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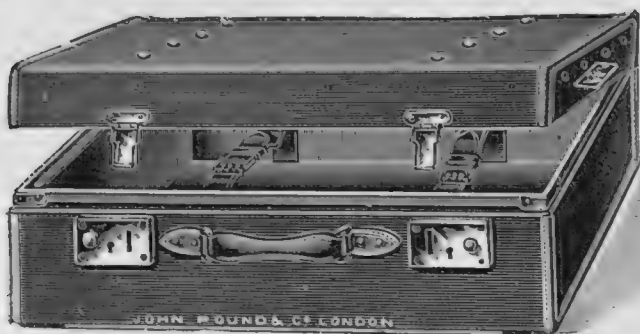
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Photo. Adolphus Tear.

MISS WALTON WAS BORN DEAF, AND NEVER HEARD ANY SOUND UNTIL HER EARS WERE SOUND-EDUCATED. SOUND-EDUCATION PRODUCES HEARING IN CONGENITAL DEAF MUTES, WHO WILL THUS BE ABLE TO TAKE THEIR PLACES AS ORDINARY CITIZENS. A SPECIAL SCHOOL IS BEING ORGANISED FOR THE TREATMENT AND EDUCATION OF STONE-DEAF CHILDREN.

An article in the *Lancet* calling attention to the serious losses which have been sustained in recruiting for the French Army through the rejection of the deaf, and the consequent gain there will be through the use of the re-education method, says: "The method of auditory re-education consists in subjecting the ear to the recurrence of sounds whose pitch, intensity, and timbre have been studiously selected for this end. The ear is educated to hear sounds varying from 80 to 5,500 vibrations a second, a range adequate to include all the vibrations that the human larynx can emit. Very satisfactory results have thus been obtained. The disappearance of the tympanum and the ossicles is often compatible with a sufficient audition for military requirements. It would not be necessary to establish a special regiment with specialist medical officers in order to be able to enlist the deaf; it would suffice to begin by treating at the military school of Bal de Grace the soldiers suffering from deafness who, at



Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

WHERE SOUND-EDUCATION IS A FAILURE, OR ONLY A PARTIAL SUCCESS, A RECEIVER IS BUILT TO SUIT THE PARTICULAR DEGREE OF DEAFNESS. THIS IS USUALLY WORN UNDER THE TIE. A TESTING APPARATUS FOR FINDING THE DEGREE TO WHICH THE RECEIVER SHOULD BE PITCHED IS BEING SUPPLIED TO AURAL SURGEONS, WHO WILL THUS BE ABLE TO WRITE A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE AID REQUIRED FOR EACH CASE.



Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

THE SOUND EDUCATOR ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE MIDDLE AND INNER EAR. BY INCREASING THE VIBRATIONAL RANGE IT INCREASES THE AMOUNT OF HEARING. IMPROVEMENT TAKES PLACE AT THE FIRST PRACTICE IN ALL SUITABLE CASES FOR THIS METHOD.

Continued. the present time, are actually enlisted yearly, kept awhile under observation, and finally discharged for physical incapacity. As these men are not infirm in the ordinary sense of the word, they could be made to work. Re-education could cure, or, at any rate, considerably ameliorate their condition in from 20 to 60 days. If this plan proved successful the exempts need no more be returned to their homes, for deafness would be no longer a cause for rejection. Formerly those with hernia were rejected wholesale. Now they are enlisted. The deaf would be subject only to the same lot; indeed, their position would be even better, since in their case there is usually no question of operation." Sound-Education is an English invention, and the inventor, Mr. E. Thorp Hincks, is connected with the National Association for the Prevention and Amelioration of Deafness, 7, Clanricarde Gardens, Hyde Park, W.

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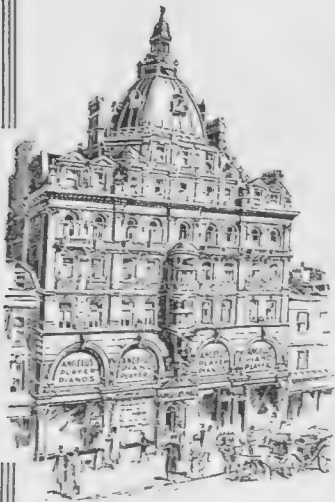
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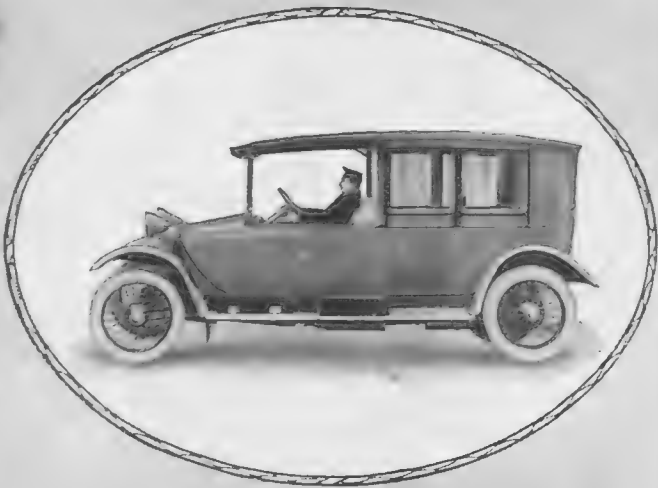
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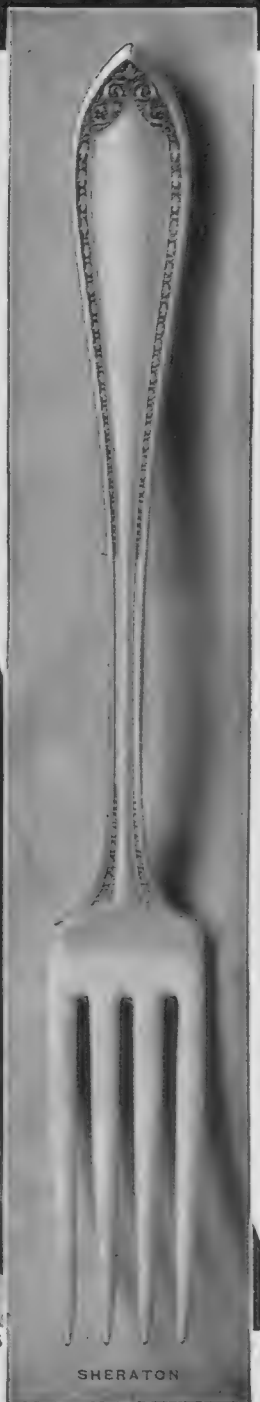
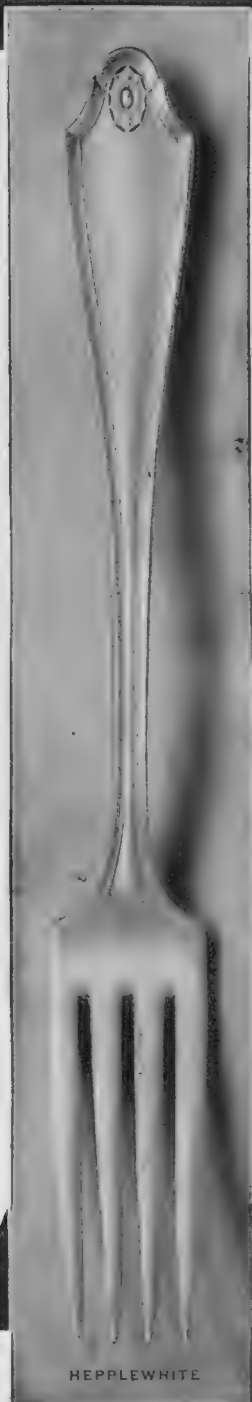
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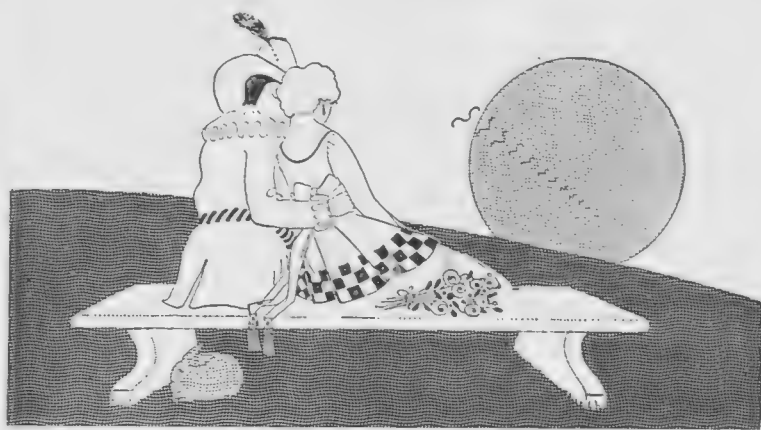
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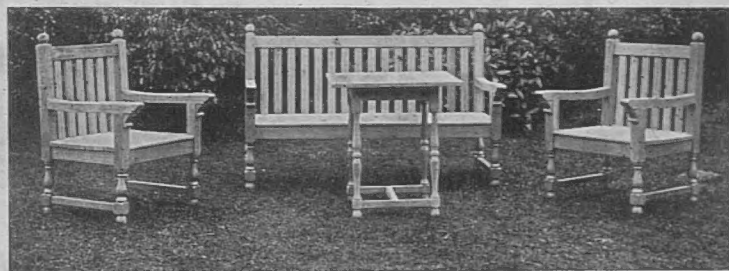
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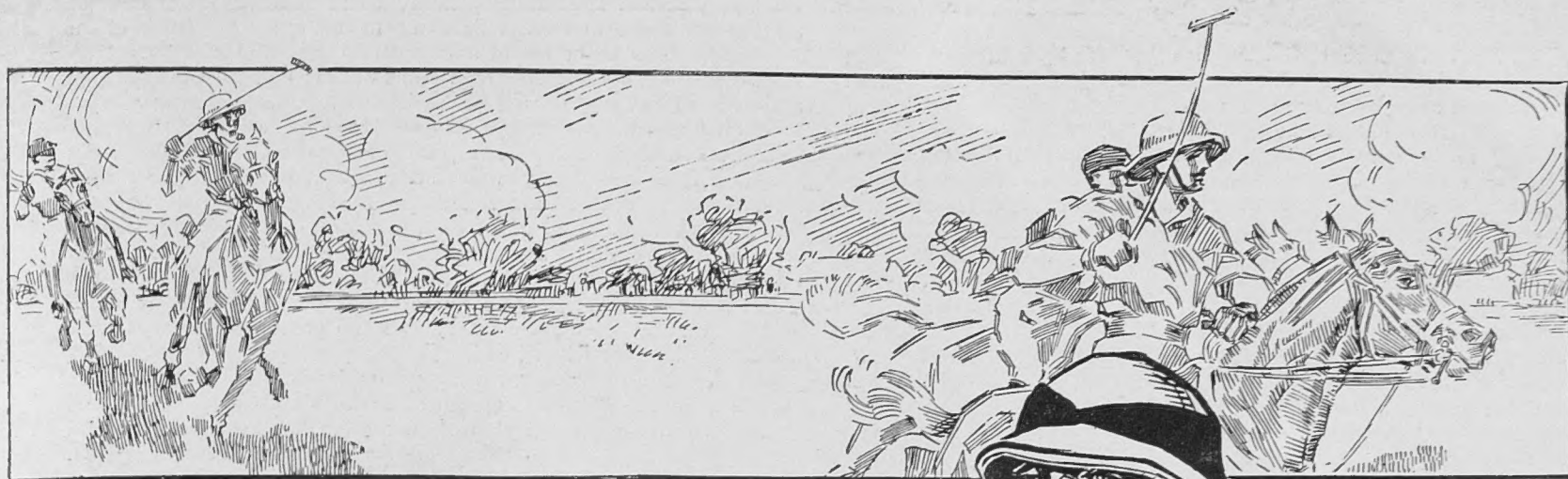
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THE OPERA SEASON.

OPERA at Covent Garden has been full of interest during the past week. All the performances have been good, and some have been very good indeed. "The Twilight of the Gods" brought a singularly satisfactory production of the "Ring" to a close. In it Nikisch seemed to show the full and final significance of the music that plays such a noble part. There was something in his handling of the score that sounded, curiously authoritative, and the sense of enjoyment that it produced had in it a very impressive quality. The whole house responded; it seemed to be swayed by the conductor's bâton just as the orchestra and singers were. The Brunnhilde of Frau Kappel is a noble performance, full of the dignity and the charm that one may associate only with the finest renderings. Herr Knüpfer, as Hagen, and Charles Mott, as Gunther, were distinguished; that seems the best available word; and if Herr Cornelius's voice is no longer what it was, his performance was not the less worthy of the occasion and the company. The house was not quite filled at this, or at some of the other performances of the Wagner operas, but it must be remembered that the opening hours make it impossible for many busy men and women to be present. The season is beginning to make its claims upon the patrons of Covent Garden, and the opera that begins at half-past eight is bound to be more popular than one that begins at half-past four, or even half-past five. It is astonishing to find how many people are able and willing to dress for the evening shortly after lunch, and to dine in more or less haste at unaccustomed hours, and sometimes in unfamiliar places. This surrender of small comforts is a considerable tribute paid by leisured folk to the spell of Wagner's music.

"Parsifal" is no less successful in late spring than it was in mid-winter, and it is in response to a definite demand that Covent Garden announces three extra performances, for May 15, 18, and 20. Just too late for notice this week, a new Kundry has been heard; the first one, Frau Pfeilschneider, did not fulfil all expectations.

Last week's performance of "Die Meistersinger" was particularly attractive. Nikisch conducted the opera for the first time, as far as Covent Garden is concerned, and his reading was full of poetry; at times, perhaps, the sentiment was a little overpowering. The Eva, Miss Merrem, is a young lady who, it is said, will shortly become the composer's daughter-in-law. She made a very satisfactory début: her voice is not large, but is attractive and very finely trained. As Walther, Johannes Sembach repeated the performance that made opera-goers look forward very eagerly to his

return to Covent Garden, after the winter season in which he made his first welcome appearance. Many years have passed since such singing was heard at Covent Garden; in this opera the faults of the average German tenor would appear to have passed him by. Herr Bender is a stately and sonorous Hans Sachs; he held the attention and claimed the ungrudging praise of the house. There may have been moments when strength was sacrificed to sweetness, but they were few and pardonable. Herr Jan Hemsing is a clever Beckmesser; his voice is so completely under control that it never suffers from his acting, and while he amused the house, his gifts as a singer could not be forgotten. The great double fugue that accompanies the turmoil at the close of the second act was admirably managed. It was a late performance; although the curtain was timed to fall a few minutes after eleven, it was nearer midnight when the trials of Walther and Eva, and the sacrifice of the great cobbler-poet were brought to their appointed end.

At the time of writing, arrangements for the Gala Performance in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark, on May 11, are not complete, but the general plan of decoration has been decided, and the performance will be of the usual kind—acts of several operas. There has been no Gala Performance for some time, and the house tries to make each one better than the last. The colour-scheme will be pink and crimson, and the Royal Box, as usual, in centre of grand tier, with Diplomatic and Ministerial boxes on either side.

After the nightingales and other famous spring songsters, we may prepare to welcome the great Italian singers, some of whom are due in London next week for the Italian season. "L'Amore dei Tre Re," one of the two novelties to be given during the season, has been produced successfully in Paris. It partakes of the nature of the modern Italian opera, is very melodramatic, and may be expected to give a fresh tone to appetites that are rather jaded. The work is described as a lyric tragedy in three acts. Mme. Edvina took the part, in Paris, of Fiora, unfaithful wife of Manfredo, a soldier. Her blind father-in-law suspects her, and when she is with her lover and cousin, Avito, strangles her and places poison on her lips. She is kissed in death not only by her lover, but by her husband. Here we have tragedy *in excelsis*, and to express it Signor Italo Montemezzi has written highly expressive and rather unorthodox music. He has striven to embody in his score the extraordinary heights and depths of passion that the story sounds. The blind man who plays so large a part in the opera suggests Maeterlinck, and Maeterlinck suggests mysticism, and this element is not lacking from the score. Signor Montemezzi, who comes from Verona, and has reached middle age, has scored heavily with his work in Italy and in New York.



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